THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 25. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

A Very Large Audience Gathers in the School Hall to Hear Mr. Finerty's Lecture on "The Heroic in Irish History."

Addresses Presented by Miss Annie Devens and Miss May Halnan, on Behalf of the Pupils of St. Rose's Parish.

The violent weather of last Monday evening had no perceptible effect on the patriotism of the parishioners of Father Hayes' church of St. Rose of Lima, judging by the fine audience, composed of both sexes, which thronged the capacious school hall, Ashland avenue and Forty-eighth street, on the occasion of John F. Finerty's lecture on "The Heroic in Irish History" delivered for the benefit of the parish.

Rev. Father Hayes, accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Fitzsimmons, Bobel, Murray, Green, E. J. Dunne, Richard Dunne, O'Gara McShane, Egan, Bonfield, Brennan, of Denver, Col.; Cartan, Ryan, Murphy, Dwyer and Stuart McDonnell appeared upon the platform at 8 o'clock. Mr. Finerty, who had been escorted by a military band from Forty-third street, put in an appearance at the same hour.

The proceedings were opened by a procession of thirty-two little girls, dressed in white, and each carrying in her tiny hand a green flag, with the harp without a crown in the centre. They rallied around a tall, handsome young lady, who represented fair Columbia, and who held aloft an artistically made American flag. This was Miss Mary Devens, who, forthwith, at a signal from Father Hayes, proceeded to extend to Mr. Finerty a cordial welcome to the parish of St. Rose. Miss Devens said:

"Mr. Finerty, Columbia introduces to you the daughters of the exiles of Erin. You too, honored sir, are an exile of Erin. Many years ago you cast your interests with mine, and ever since worked and spoke for my honor and glory. I have heard it frequently said, that you have never been indifferent to the heroism and glorious traditions of your motherland old Erin. I am pleased at this, for the true lovers of motherland are the very ones I find most enthusiastic in defending my honor and protecting my rights when I stand most in need of defense and protection. These little ones are tender plants engrafted on my soil. They are the daughters of Irish exiles whom I have welcomed to my shores. They are to be among the mothers of the future republic, and as we may safely judge the future by the past the heroic blood of their ancestors will freely course in the veins of their descendants, and if it should prove at any time necessary will be freely shed."

Little Miss Mary Halnan responded for the thirty two counties of Ireland, and was loudly cheered. She also extended to Mr. Finerty a warm welcome, and spoke touchingly on the ties that united in sentiment Ireland and America. The little one spoke her address with great animation and wonderful self-possession for one so young. She thoroughly delighted the audience. She said:

"Honored Friend, We represent the thirty-two counties of Ireland, and in the name of the Irish people we welcome you. Though we have never seen you before, we have frequently heard our fathers speak of you as a patriot, an orator, and an uncompromising rebel. But your rebellion has been against injustice and oppression. Our ancestors were deprived of education in their motherland by unjust laws; you have time and again denounced injustice, therefore you are a rebel. Columbia gives us all the advantages of a good education, she does not set a price on the heads of our priests and nuns for the conscientious performance of duty. All true, patriotic citizens here stand on an equality. Through earnest efforts we have erected this grand school-house which is a monument to the untiring zeal of our beloved priests, the pride of our parents, and shall be of the greatest advantage to us all morally, physically and intellectually. Welcome then our friend to the Irish school, but we cannot express our thanks to you in words for the honor you pay us in coming a great distance, to advance the good old cause of faith and fatherland. We are thankful to Columbia for the kindly words she has spoken, and when we have grown to womanhood, should you require the assistance of our brothers or lovers we will place no obstacle in the way. Once more we thank you for your kindness, and though we may never all meet again together, we shall always remember you as a devoted friend of dear old Ireland."

Father Hayes then introduced Mr. Finerty, who was cordially greeted, and who, after acknowledging the courtesy of the young ladies, spoke for an hour or more on "The Heroic in Irish History," reviewing the brave struggles the Celtic Irish had made against the domination of the English, and giving word paintings of some of the battles celebrated in song and story. He said that the study of history was a vital incentive to true patriotism. The history of a nation was the breath of its life, and any nation that forgets its history was sure to be destroyed or humbled. Ireland had for the most part a history to be proud of, and Irish flunkeys who imagined that they gained favor with native Americans and others by feigning indifference to the Irish National struggle, were greatly mistaken if they thought they added to their respectability by so doing. Every real American sympathized with the Irish battle for liberty, and had no respect for such contemptible Irish renegades as sneered at a cause so noble and so just. The people of the parish of St. Rose ought to be, and he was sure they were, proud of having with them a patriot priest, like his friend, Father Hayes (prolonged applause), who taught them at once loyalty to America and sympathy for Ireland. (Cheers.) He was a true representative of the priests who, in other days, to use the words of the orator, consecrated the flag of freedom and blessed the patriot's sword. (Great applause.)

Our love they'll never shake,
While, for old Ireland's sake,
A true part we take
Soggarth Aroon! (Loud cheers)

The speaker counselled his hearers not to give way to any spirit of despair. The Irish cause, again baffled, was not beaten. He alluded to the struggle and the disappointments, repeated and disheartening, of the American abolitionists who persevered against all odds, until the conscience of a majority of the American Nation was touched, and one million of men laid down their lives that the slave might throw off his shackles. (Applause.) In that great struggle the Irish had borne an honorable and historical part, and the same God of Freedom, and of justice, still reigned to assure them of final victory. (Prolonged applause)

The young ladies' chorus sang "Rally Round the Flag," accompanied on the piano by Miss Annie O'Toole.

Father Hayes then made a few stirring remarks, which roused the audience to enthusiasm. The proceedings terminated with "God Save Ireland," by Messrs John McDonough and Nicholas Doody, accompanied by Miss O'Toole.

Following are the children, who, with May Halnan, represented the Irish counties: Kittie Shell, Annie Farrell, Mary Roche, Mollie Connors, Annie Roche, Sadie O'Toole, Julia Devens, Bridget McGrath, Xelda Lemieux, Mary Loy, Mary Carroll, Annie Martin, Lizzie Loy, Mary Martin, Mary O'Brien, Maud O'Neill, Mary Leturreau, Annie Doolan, Mary McGowry, Augustine Magans, Maria Brady, Annie Keating, Nellie Dumas, Mary Caden, Susie Murphy, Anastatia Coran Maggie Egan, Mary Driscoll, Katie Corbett, Maggie Roche and May Porter.

Master Willie Doody played some Irish pieces on the violin.

THE ARCHDIOCESAN UNION.

Organization Formed by Catholic Young Men's Societies for the Promotion of Catholic Objects.

One of the most important Catholic organizations in the United States is the Chicago Archdiocesan Union of Catholic Young Men's Societies, which has been recently formed with the approbation of his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and which has also the endorsement of the clergy and laity of Chicago. The officers are, his Grace, the Archbishop, ex-officio spiritual director; president, Joseph P. Rafferty; first vice president, Edward A. McGrady; second vice president, Michael E. Huber; recording secretary, John E. Groves; financial secretary, James F. O'Connor; corresponding secretary, James J. Kelly, No. 445 Forty-third street; treasurer, F. Sullivan; sergeant-at-arms, Frank J. Keyes; press secretary, D. M. Carroll; board of directors, Rev. H G Van Pelt, Rev. William Foley, Rev. Edward Byrne, C. F. Yagge, James Parcell, George Kearney, P. J. Mulvaney.

Each society is represented in the Union by five delegates; the meetings monthly, to transact business. It should be remembered that the Union will be a valuable aid in the growth and success of local societies—its object being to a great extent to effect such a co-operation as will enlarge the possibilities of each individual society. Reverend pastors and directors are therefore respectfully notified that membership in the Archdiocesan Union will not in any way lessen the interest of members in their local societies. Any society wishing to join, or desiring information, can address the chairman of the committee on promotion, J. F. O'Connor, Hibernian Bank, Chicago, or the corresponding secretary. If desired, a member of the committee will attend any meeting of a society to explain the nature of the organization more fully.

The Collapse of a Rotten Tenement,

With crumbling foundation and shaky, bulging walls, is not more certainly to be looked for than the sudden giving way of a constitution sapped by overwork, unremitting anxiety or exposure to hardship and malign climatic influences. Against the disastrous effects of each and all of these, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual safeguard. It fortifies the system against them by infusing into it fresh vigor begotten of renewed and complete digestion and assimilation of the food, and its consequent reparative action upon the exhausted tissues and impoverished circulation. No preparative for the undergoing, without injury, of an unusual amount of bodily or mental work, no means of averting malarial infection, or disorders born of bad diet and impure water equals this superlatively fine defensive invigorant. Take it for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, kidney trouble, la grippe.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

"DOING" NIAGARA.

Notwithstanding Recent Reforms, the Licensed Highwayman still Preys Upon the Lover of Nature.

Means of Avoiding Intolerable Extortion Pointed Out by the Friend of the Public, Miss Eleanor Kirk.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 14.—There are three distinct classes of travelers and sightseers—those who consent to be cheated, those who will not be victimized without a struggle and those who do not know any better than to accept all the conditions which fraud forces upon them. The first class is to be blamed for the difficulties that beset the others. The travelers who throw their money right and left and smilingly submit to extortion are not always or generally rich people. They are men and women whose aim in life is to make a show and are not possessed of average intelligence.

These remarks are called forth by a recent trip to Niagara Falls, where the mischief wrought by those who countenance fraud is perhaps more apparent than at any other spot in the civilized world. We know that the word Niagara has come to be a synonym of all that is exacting, extravagant, unjust and unlawful. This is a shame, and if there was any conscience in the public spirit that carries the work on at this point such a state of things could not continue. Now, I speak from experience, and a hard one, and for the benefit of the readers who contemplate visiting this beautiful but outrageously managed place I have decided to give it. To begin with, I know that one can "do Niagara" at a moderate expense, if one can walk a mile or two and is willing to ride in a horse car instead of a carriage, and between these two conveyances there is the difference between five cents and five dollars. Do not leave the train at Niagara Falls but go on to suspension Bridge, and then walk (it is only a very short distance) from the depot to the Rapids. Having remained here as long as you please, retrace your steps and take a car to the Falls. Once here, if you are in ordinary health and have the use of your legs, you need no other conveyance. When you reach the Canada side it will be just as well if you refuse to believe a single word that is said, and especially what is told you concerning the necessity of guides for the trip under the Horse Shoe Falls. I don't say that a guide is unnecessary, but I do say that the guide system as carried on at this point is one of the meanest and most diabolical frauds that was ever perpetrated upon a long-suffering people. The Egyptian swathing bands that one must submit to be wrapped in, including the yellow water-proof pantelettes that are gartered just above the calf of the leg with a piece of tape, were not needed in our case, and scores of persons have told me since that they were not needed in theirs. But it is a good way of making money. Our guide—heaven save the mark—was an exact reproduction of the Sphinx, yellow and impassive, and as we made our way to the bowels of the earth, wrapped in our awful cerements, I felt that this strange creature, whose eyes never rested upon our faces, who spoke not nor moved a muscle of his countenance, was leading us to some horrible fate. It proved so in my case. When we left the elevator the Sphinx with his lantern moved on, and in such haste as to leave the two ladies whom he was employed to guide a long way in the rear. When we came to the tunnel in the rock the Sphinx did wait for us a moment and his lips parted sufficiently to say that there were no holes in the flooring to be looked out for. Then he strode on leaving us again in the rear. When we returned this guide went ahead with alacrity, entered the elevator and left us to follow. With in a few feet of the inclined railway there was a slimy board, and upon this board my foot slipped, precipitating me upon my doubled-up left wrist, inflicting a most painful sprain and a shock to the whole nervous system which will be difficult to recover from. The guide did not stir from the conveyance which was ready to start, allowing me to get up as well as I could, nor did he speak a single word of regret or apology. Those who had charge of the arrangements in the hotel opposite were equally careless and unscrupulous, with the exception of the very sweet and helpful young woman whose task it is to rig and unrig us. She did everything that was in her power, but no one else connected with the place asked a question or made a remark, and the photograph fiends, undeterred by the suffering which I was powerless to conceal, were as clamorous and as insultingly persevering as ever.

This statement is not in the least exaggerated and can be substantiated at any moment by my companion in misery.

What shall be said of a guide who enters the return vehicle before the guidees? That's what I want to know and what I intend to find out before I quit airing this iniquitous business. Of course the Sphinx is only a part of the system of grab and extortion which obtains at this place. His instructions, probably, are to make as quick time as possible in the ascent and descent, and devil take the hindmost, and that will never be the man whom you pay to see that you make the trip safely. My experience is not an isolated one, and I shall take pleasure in letting the traveling public hear from others who have been equally neglected.

In answer to repeated inquiries and to bundles of MSS. that pour in from every part of the country without money and without return stamps, I must again state that I cannot read the stories, articles and poems of those who wish to write for the press unless I am paid for the work. It really seems as if this fact should be understood without explanation. In order to oblige my friends in these regards, I some time ago established a Bureau of Correspondence and Criticism, and fixed the price for examination as low as possible. For this fee places are indicated for such MSS. as seem available. Circulars will be sent to all who desire them. The absolute truth is told to each writer.

After this all MSS. that do not contain the reading fee and return stamps will be consigned at once to the waste basket. My patience is exhausted, and the "last straw" was a story of 90 000 words which I was asked to read, criticise and place as a serial for "sweet charity's sake."

To those who wish to write for the press and do not know how to proceed, I would recommend a book, prepared with great pains to meet every possible want and question, called "Information for Authors." It contains everything even to the latest and simplest instruction in proof-reading. No other instruction is necessary, and scores of students have become professional and well paid proof-readers by means of this volume. Its price is $1, and it is more valuable than words can describe to those who feel as if they could accomplish something worthy in literature if only the way could be made plain. This book is written, published and sold by

ELEANOR KIRK.
698 Greene avenue.

A HEALTHY RESTING PLACE.

[*To the Editor.*]

As it is now the season of the year when the seekers of health resorts and the summer tourists are preparing and planning for an enjoyable vacation, it occurred to the writer that there are many of your readers—especially those looking for health and rest—who would like to go to a place where pure invigorating air, grand scenery and real comfort can be found. About six miles south of Chattanooga, Tenn., on elevated and beautiful ground, fronting and in full view of the historic Lookout mountain, stands the Institution of the Sisters of Charity, a branch of the mother house Nazareth, Ky. The community building is large and commodious, having all the sanitary improvements—rooms, closets, etc.—of a first-class hotel. The well lighted corridors lead to wide and long verandas from which you can look out on the grand and wild mountain scenery and beautiful valleys, stretching away as far as the vision can reach. The famous Missionary Ridge battle ground, as well as many another spot, sacred to war scenes, is within view and may be interestingly visited.

The grounds around the house are well laid out, gravel walks hedged by the rank green and well trimmed boxwood, arbors and rustic seats shaded over by the rarest of flowering shrubs and blossomed trees. The southern magnolia grows and thrives here. Three large ones in a row of these famed scented flowering trees, branch out and spread over and in front of the veranda, their fragrance permeating the air around and through the house. The odor of the trees is most agreeable to the senses and cannot fail to make a sick person well. There are fruit trees, pear, peach, apple, plum and cherry in the garden and lawn, as well as a large peach orchard adjoining and belonging to the institute grounds; guests can pluck fresh from the trees all the fruit they want.

Sloping down from the house a wide gravel walk leads to the railroad station, beyond which is a large and beautiful wooded park, well laid out and charmingly situated; there is a lake in this park, a handsome boat house on the brink of it, where rowing boats can be had by the guests of the institution. The lake is fed from a large well of the purest of spring water, which flows through a covered iron pipe. The institution is well supplied with this most healthy and sparkling water. The electric cars as well as the steam cars are going and coming to and from Chattanooga every fifteen minutes, from early morning until late at night, affording every facility for going in and out at pleasure, as well as going to the top of Lookout mountain, where you can gaze in awe and wonder on the sublime scene of the setting sun from Sunset Rock.

Attached to the institute is an infirmary where weak patients receive every care from the good sisters and the best of medical attendance, a physician coming from the city and making regular visits. It would seem unnecessary here to allude to the great and kind attention of these good sisters, as kindness and friendship is proverbial and characteristic of their order wherever found, and while I do not desire to make any distinctive remarks I cannot but say, the nuns in this institution are most assiduous, never seem to weary or tire in their constant kindness and attention to their guests and making them happy. A priest comes out from Chattanooga every second day to celebrate mass in their handsome little chapel—here, in the early sunlight morning, the worshiper, kneeling or standing, as he or she hears the responses of these nuns to the holy words of the priest on the altar, and the loud and sweet songs of the birds singing—as only southern birds can sing—in the groves and woods around, and from the trees in the lawn, cannot but be devoutly impressed; surely, it is a place of worship and prayer where sanctity can enter the soul as in no city church or cathedral.

The expense of stopping at this convent for a few weeks or a month, is not one half of what it would be at one of the summer resorts, and for regaining strength and health, and feeling cheerful and happy, I doubt if there is any place in the country equal to it. J. N.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 126 West Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

ROMAN NEWS.

Franciscan Preachers Denounce the Crying Evil of Greed for Gold Among Rich and Poor.

The Pope's Humble Summer Resort—Death of the Rev. Father Locke—New General of the Jesuits.

THE DENUNCIATION OF CRYING EVILS.

The country preachers of the Month of Mary are not less courageous than the Roman ones in their brave denunciation of the crying evils of society and of the times. A famous Franciscan, preaching at Siena against the sin of averice, said the thirst for gold was the crying evil of the day, leading the rich to oppression, selfishness, grinding down of the poor, etc, and the poor to loss of natural affection, dishonesty to their masters, and sacrifice of religion to gain. While speaking with great elequence of the cupidity of the government in seizing on the possessions of the church, he vehemently protested against their notion that they could with impunity reject her authority and abandon their faith, while religion was to be pressed on the people to keep them quiet and prevent rebellion and disorder.

THE STATUE OF LEO XIII

The inauguration of the beautiful statue of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, by the sculptor Lucchetti, which has been dispatched from Rome and is to be placed in the chapel of St. Stephen, in the Cathedral of Perugia, is to take place at the end of this month. In order not to give any pretext for hostile manifestations on the part of the enemies of the church, the ceremony will be quite private, and the doors of the cathedral will remain closed. A limited number of invitations will be given. A superb niche will complete the monument later on. The statue of the Perugian sculptor is most remarkable both as regards execution and resemblance.

A SACRED CONCERT IN ROME.

Rome continues to be the capital of the Christian world, *malgre* her would-be secularizers. That the city is interesting solely through its religious memories and present religious manifestations is admitted by the whole universe. It is vain for the new fashioned "intangibles" to beat their wings against the eternally intangible Rock; they cannot prevail against its mighty strength. The old Ecclesiastical City gave us yet another proof of this in a grand concert of religious music on Thursday last. My readers know that Leo XIII has of late done much to improve the existing state of church music in Rome, and that the progress is being watched with deep interest by the whole Catholic world. The inauguration of a splendid organ in the church of St. Marta, which is attached to the Vatican Seminary, was made the occasion for a rare display of musical talent. Specimens of all the European schools of music were given in a most exquisite and masterly manner.

THE HOLY FATHER'S "VILLEGIATURA."

The Pope is preparing for his annual *villegiatura*. Alas, the venerable pontiff cannot, like his predecessors, pass the intensely warm months of an Italian summer in the apostolic palace at Castle Gandolfo in the midst of cooling lakes and trees. The summer residence of the imprisoned sovereign is situated in the Vatican grounds, and is a modest little casino, which was built by Pope Pius IV, and which is remarkably small and devoid of every comfort. This year, however, the furniture which the late Cardinal Mermillod left by will to the Holy Father has been arranged in the casino. Everything is quite new, for it will be remembered that the illustrious *porporato* had hardly completed the furnishing of his new residence at Rome when death called him to inhabit another mansion. The Holy Father will pass the day in this summer residence, returning to the Vatican each night, for it is well known that the "Roman fever" lurks in the gardens, and that to sleep there even for one night would be almost certain death.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

The following are recent propaganda nominations: As bishop of Bois le-Duc in Holland, Mgr. William Van-de-Ver; as vicar-apostolic of Gabon, Mgr. Alexander Le Roy; as vicar-apostolic of Man Isles, Mgr. Joseph Rogatiame Martin; as vicar-apostolic of the Sandwich Isles, Gustano Francis Ropert.

THE HOLY FATHER.

The Pope said mass in his private chapel on the 19th ult. before several foreign families and afterwards gave audiences, especially conversing for some time with Mgr. Pace, archbishop of Malta. It was remarked that the Pope was looking remarkably well.

THE LATE FATHER LOCKE.

On Friday, the 21st ult, the Month's Mind for the late Rev. Father Joseph Locke, O.S.A., was celebrated at the Augustine Convent of San Patrigo in Rome. Father Locke was well known in the Eternal City. He was for a length of time professor of Hebrew in the propaganda college, and two years ago he gave an interesting series of Lenten discourses in the church of San Silvestro. He died on the 21st of April at Lewisburg, U.S.A. He was brother to the celebrated Irish poet, John Locke, whose sweet and national verses must be well known to many of your readers on both sides of the ocean. The solemn requiem mass on Friday was presided over by the veteran Archbishop of Hobart, the Right Rev. D. Murphy, and was sung by the Rev. P. Rowley, O.S.A. A number of the friends of the departed were present at the solemn office for the dead, among others; the Most Rev. Padre Bazzachi, O.S.A., Prior Glynn, Father Walsh, O.S.A., Rev. P. T. Cummins (San Francisco), Rev. J. H. Judge (Scranton, Pa., U.S.A.), Rev. Father O'Callaghan (Hobart), &c.

THE NEXT CONSISTORY.

It is now said that the consistory will be put off until the third week in July, to give time for arranging with the Prussian government the question of the German bishops.

THE ITALIAN MINISTRY AND DIVORCE LAWS

The new ministry here is said to be favorable to introducing divorce laws, and the Holy Father has expressed himself very strongly, urging all influential Catholics to protest most energetically against them.

THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

The Chapter for the election of the general of the Jesuits will be held in September in Rome in the Borromeo Palace.

LECTURE BY MGR BENAVIDES.

Mgr. Benavides, rector of the Spanish establishment in Rome, has given a interesting historical lecture on Pope Calistus the Third. It was this Pope who caused (but unfortunately too late) the process against Joan d'Arc to be reversed and her memory to be restored to honor. He reigned from 1355 to 1458.

THE VATICAN AND COLUMBIA.

There has arrived at the Vatican the copy of the Concordat between the Holy See and the State of Columbia; it is signed by the president of the republic, and takes the form of a bulky volume richly bound in blue velvet, embroidered in gold round the edges. In the centre the arms of Columbia are embroidered in silk. The seal is of large proportion, and is enclosed in the old manner in a metal case attached to the volume by a gold cord. The whole is enclosed in a rich red morocco case with the arms of the republic in raised metal work gilt.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

THE LONDON IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY.

After a couple of months of zealous, patient work on the part of a few enthusiastic Irish workers in literature and journalism in London, the Irish Literary Society was formally established at a meeting held on last Thursday week in the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi Strand. There was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen—poets, novelists, journalists—and Mr. W. M. Crook occupied the chair.

The large number of letters from eminent Irish men and women, expressing sympathy, encouragement and support, read by the hard working secretary, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, also augured well for the success of the movement. All shades of Irish political thought and belief were represented in the correspondence. The objects of the society are: First—To afford a center of social and literary intercourse for persons of Irish nationality living, either permanently or occasionally, in London. Second—To promote the study of Irish history, literature and art. Central premises will be taken for the purposes of the society. An excellent working committee was elected, with Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy, K.C.B., as president. The inaugural meeting of the society was held on June 8. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy occupied the chair, and a lecture on the Celtic influence on English literature was delivered by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, a member of the society. The roll of members includes the names of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P, Mr. John Redmond, M. P., Mr. Michael Davitt, the Rev. Stopford Brooke The O'Clery, Mr. John O'Leary, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P, Mr. Thomas Lough, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., Mr. R Barry O'Brien, Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, Mr. Bram Stoker, of the Lyceum theater; Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, Miss Katherine Tynan, Mr. Sexton, M. P., Mr. W. B. Yeats, Lady Wilde, Miss Sharman Crawford and many others.

Happy days and restful nights result from using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It so regulates all the bodily functions and strengthens the nervous system that worry and fatigue are comparatively unknown and life is truly enjoyed. It is certainly a most wonderful medicine.

How a Boy Made Money.

I notice what Mr. Wilson's son said about making money selling a corn husker. I would like to tell him how I made money with a plating machine. H. F. Deino & Co., Columbus, Ohio, sent me a fine machine for plating with gold, silver and nickel, for $5, all ready to commence work. I made $3.10 the first day, plating table-ware and jewelry, $26 the first week. Anybody can make money in the plating business, because at every house they have some things to plate, and everybody is willing to help a boy along. You can plate right before the folks, and they like to see it too. I sold three platers to three friends of mine at a profit of $5 apiece, that was $15. I would advise any boy who wants to get along in the world to commence with the plating business. He can make money and help his folks at home along a little too.

ED BUTLER.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des-Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

"M'anam go'n Dhia, a fine sight! What a change from poor old Ireland!"

The spectacle which awakened their joint interest was that of the religious procession in honor of Notre Dame de Bonne Delivrance, the head of which they now beheld moving solemnly towards them along the narrow but crowded thoroughfare. Many spectacles of like nature had they witnessed at Dunkirk and other places throughout France, but never any so grand or solemn as this, that was of annual occurrence in that celebrated street. The street ran east and west, having at its eastern end (on the site of the Pantheon) the stately church of St. Geneviève, the patroness of Paris, who delivered the city from the terrible "Scourge of God" and his ferocious Huns, and at its western that (from which it took its name) of St. Etienne des Grés, or St. Stephen of the Greeks, whose worship had been introduced into France by the first bishop of Paris, St. Denis, who was himself a Greek. To the latter sanctuary, in which had been formed the confraternity of Notre Dame de Bonne Delivrance, the procession (made up of that confraternity) was now returning, its members having heard high mass—as was their wont every 1st of May—in one of the churches in the suburbs.

The sight beneath the glowing summer sky was a most picturesque and impressive one. At regular intervals along the street were visible the white and blue uniforms and glittering weapons of the City Guards, keeping a clear passage, in the centre of the thoroughfare, for the white-robed train of priests, students and citizens. Numerous were the handsome banners that gently swayed in the soft breeze, costly and exquisite the statues that were borne slowly best, while the bells of St. Genevieve flung out their sweet and solemn music on the mellow air. Following a fine image of the Blessed Virgin came a succession of large silver statues that shone with refulgent splendor in the sunshine—St. Peter holding aloft a cross, the Baptist with his lamb, St. Roch with an angel on one side of him and a large dog on the other, and others equally suggestive.

A troop of the Black Mousquetaires, a portion of the king's bodyguard, composed of some of the noblest gentlemen of France, wheeled into the Rue St. Etienne from a side street, immediately in front of the procession; but on sight of the latter they drew up in order on one side so as to allow it to pass, doffing their plumed hats as it went by.

A deep exultant feeling thrilled the heart of Fergus O'Ronan as he gazed—a feeling mingled, however, with a certain sense of melancholy and regret. For like lightning his thoughts flew back to his native land—to the manner this same religion was practiced *there*. The white array of the sodality, the glittering statues and swaying silken banners, the hushed and devout throng of spectators, the rich uniforms and bowed heads of patrician Mousquetaires, and even the stately sunlit tower of St. Etienne's faded away before his mind's eye, and he beheld instead the lonely and dreary peninsula of Addragoole, the midnight congregation kneeling in the wintry air, the candles flickering on the poor altar beneath the gable of the ruined chuach, and the snowflakes descending on the white exposed head of the old soggarth

Ireland and France—oh, what a marvelous contrast! How vastly different the aspect of the same national religion in the two Celtic countries—banned and proscribed in the one, in the other honored *and maintained!*

As he and his companion stood uncovered, the red Brigade uniforms rendering them conspicuous in the throng, a fervent exclamation from Murty apprised him that his thoughts were somewhat similar to his own.

"Well, *milé buidees do Dhia* (thousand thanks to God), we are in a land where a man can bless his face without being whipped or put in the stocks, and where we can laugh at Canwore and Shawe-na-Soggarth and all the reptiles of the penal laws!"

"Amen to that, Murty, with all my heart!"

He spoke, as he said, "with all his heart," little deeming that a foe more deadly than the Irish penal laws, because more cunning and insidious, was even then sapping the foundations of the Catholic church in France, gnawing at the very vitals of the national creed of old Gaul. The effects of the doctrines of the century's "school of philosophers" had had not yet passed their first stage of development; they were mainly confined to the court, where skepticism on religious matters was fashionable because so charmingly piquant and unique, and would not yet have to percolate through the various strata of rank in order to reach the mass of the people; so that Fergus was not in a position to regard a slight incident which now occurred as being very ominous or important.

As a splendid banner pictured with the crucifixion was borne past, our two soldiers crossed themselves devoutly, and the act evoked a dry, unpleasant chuckle from a curious little old man in a dark velvet suit and large peruke who stood in their vicinity.

"Parbleu! a military salute a l'Irlandais," he remarked. "Peste! cannot two brave soldiers see a paltry pageant of this kind without making asses of themselves?"

And shrugging his narrow shoulders he moved away with the crowd.

"Who is that old fellow?" demanded Fergus indignantly of a bystander.

"Why, monsieur everybody knows him—that is the great Voltaire," was the reply.

"The great omadhawn!" grumbled Murty, who had but scanty idea of the little man's celebrity; "he'd better keep a civil tongue in his head if he doesn't want his hump knocked out of joint."

However the name was productive of some interest to Fergus. He had read the "Henriade," and seen the tragedies of "Brutus" and "Zara" performed at Dunkirk, but he knew not what manner of man their author was till now. Neither did he know that a young man opposite to him, an individual in a shabby suit, who seemed to shun observation by standing in a shady alcove, was Jean Jacques Rousseau, now living in indigence and obscurity in the French metropolis.

"See there, sergeant avoureen," suddenly whispered Murty. "May I get four teen days' pack-drill if that isn't Father Manus O'Dowd right forneust us!"

"Where? where?" inquired Fergus excitedly; but, catching sight of the object of his quest, he exclaimed eagerly, "'Tis he—sure enough, 'tis he. We must see him, Murty. Come along—let us follow the procession to the church."

Murty readily acquiesced, and very soon they were standing in the ancient church of St. Etienne, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity—standing before the famous black statue of Our Lady of Good Deliverance, before which St. Francis de Sales, when a student in Paris University, had been delivered from his great temptations to despair (church and statue have now alike disappeared).

For a time Fergus succeeded in keeping his eye on the quondam vicar-general of Killala, who with 200 other religious similarly garbed had walked to the church after a large green banner bearing on one side a Celtic cross and on the other a picture of St. Patrick with the orthodox crozier in his hand and the inevitable serpents under his feet—a banner adorned with the golden-lettered inscription, "C[illegible]ége des Irlandais."

But at length he lost sight of him in the throng that filled the church as if to the bursting of its hoary walls, and it was in deep disappointment he issued forth without him. As he and Murty repassed the portal they raised their hands and saluted, for they found themselves face to face with their captain, Count Lally.

"Well, my heroes," inquired the other jocosely, "have you become pilgrims of St. Stephen?"

Fergus briefly explained the object of their quest.

"Ah, the Abbe O'Dowd; you ought to be able to find him at the college of his countrymen—probably his own alma mater. It is not very far from hence; anybody can show you the Rue des Carmes. By the by, if you wish to see him you must do so this evening, as we march out of Paris tomorrow with our new batch of recruits. You may go over there in the evening."

"Thanks, Captain."

"And your friend also."

"Thank you, Captain," said Murty, "but I don't mean to leave the barracks any more today once I get back. Sure, sacker-blue, as ye say here in France, I've had *go leor* of sight-seeing for this turn."

"Very well, *mon ami*," responded the Franco Gael with a laugh. "Harkye, sergeant mine, don't remain out late if you can help it; the streets of Paris are not very pleasant after nightfall. *Bon jour.*"

The pair returned to their barracks near the Louvre, and after dinner O'Ronan donned his cloak and set out to seek an interview with Father O'Dowd.

There was *one* question which his heart and mind had long brooded over, and that in keen and wearying anxiety—one which of all men Father O'Dowd would be the most competent to answer.

What had become of Marion Bourke?

She had written to him several times since his coming to France, but his last eager epistle to her still remained unanswered; it was nigh two long years since he had heard from her last.

No wonder, then, that he found his heart beating with a most unusual rapidity as he found himself at the portal of No. 23 Rue des Carmes—a portal over which appeared the inscription—

"Collegium B. M. Virginis,
Pro clericis Hibernicis,
In Academia Parisiensi studentibus.
Instauratum anno 1681,
Pro Italicis fundatum anno 1330."

This was the old College des Lombards, founded originally for poor Italian scholars by the Florentine, Andre Ghini, bishop of Arra. The celebrated SS Francis Xavier and Ignatius Loyola had been within those venerable walls. The great William Postel had lectured here in the sixteenth century, when the throng of students that the fame of his learning attracted was so immense that none of the halls could hold them, and they had of necessity to assemble in the courtyard, where he addressed them from a window. Soon after Postel's departure the Italians abandoned the college, and sought knowledge in their native universities; and the place was quite dilapidated when Louis le Grand conferred it on the band of Irish exiled ecclesiastics who studied in the celebrated university of his capital. This he did, probably, as a mark of appreciation of the services of the brave Irish soldiers in his armies—particularly the famous regiment, 1,500 strong, of Sir George Hamilton of Nenagh, that fought so valiantly at Einsheim, Altenheim, and Saverne.

A porter opened the door at Fergus's knock. As the latter entered he was conscious of a kindly, sympathetic emotion springing up within his bosom, of a strong bond of feeling uniting his heart with the staunch, pious, devoted Irish hearts that beat beneath that roof. Instinctively he felt that he was in the midst of friends and compatriots. Somehow, he seemed to be breathing Irish air, and almost thought that he was once more at home amid the green hills and valleys of old Innisfail.

Presently he was conducted to the private room of Father O'Dowd—a neat and comfortable chamber overlooking the courtyard—and the good priest advanced and greeted him warmly as he entered, expressing much pleasure and surprise at seeing him.

"Why, Fergus avic, is it yourself I see! Be seated, be seated. And what lucky chance has brought you to Paris? I heard your regiment was stationed at Dunkirk."

"Yes, but I have been dispatched hither with part of our company to escort a fresh batch of Wild Geese to the depot. You have pretty comfortable quarters here, father."

"Yes, a striking change from the cabins and hedges of Erris and Tirawley. I suppose, my boy, you are anxious for news from the old country?"

"Very—for 'tis nigh five years and a half since I left it."

"I have to tell you that old Donal Murray is no more, that the Creans of Annaghmore are well, and that the rage of penal persecution is at its hottest."

"How are they all in Rappa?"

"Badly. Nearly all the old servants have left the place. Ulick Bourke has turned out worse than ever I expected he would; he is the worst type of *roue* and renegade, steeped in the vices of the squireens of the barony. Poor, unhappy young man; I fear he is going headlong to—to the devil!"

Fergus was about to inquire after Marion, but he hesitated, and instead hazarded a query as to the antiquity of the Irish College in Paris, conjecturing that while it was being answered he would have ample time to consider the idea of telling Father Manus of their betrothal; and this he soon resolved to do.

"Who founded the Irish community in Paris? Drink your wine, my boy, and I shall tell you. Let me see. It was in 1578—the same year that Bishop O'Healy, of Mayo, was tortured and hanged at Kilmallock by the English—that Father John Lee came hither from Ireland with the first band of student exiles, and obtained entrance with them to the College de Montaigu, up at the church of St. Geneviève—the poorest college, I dare say, on the face of the earth, but by no means the least renowned. But from it they were after a time transferred to the very richest in Paris, the splendid College de Navarre which contains the hallowed tombs of John Gerson and Clemengis; and thence again they went to a house of their own, taken for them over in the Rue Sevres, in the Quartier St. Germain, by an illustrious patron, the Baron de Lescalopier, president of the French parliament. Here their superior was the distinguished Dr. Thomas Messingham, who wrote the 'Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum,' or lives of the Irish saints."

"I saw a well thumbed copy of it in the library of Rappa," remarked Fergus abstractedly.

"The baron took a deep interest in the community," continued Father O'Dowd; "whenever a priest had completed his course of studies he sent him for examination to the learned Jesuit Brinetus, after which, if the new Levite was found duly qualified for the perilous mission in Ireland, he presented him to the celebrated Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal de Retz, to receive from him the necessary authority But at length the good baron died, and poverty drove the community back to the College de Montaigu, where they remained until this old college we are now in was repaired, under the Grand Monarque, for their accommodation."

Fergus moved uneasily on his chair, and with difficulty suppressed an inclination to yawn.

"However, 'tis scarce ten years all out since the last of our students quitted the College de Montaigu. It was there I myself studied. Ha! that was the place to inure one to hunger and hardship, to train hardy soggarths for the Irish mission, to teach a body how to fast and abstain. Anyhow, there was as much learning there as there was maceration—and that's saying a great deal. 'Haricot College' it was called, through the small beans or haricots that formed the chief dish at meals. But we had herrings too; at dinner every advanced student got a whole, and every younger student half a one. Take care, Fergus: am I giving you the *foora gurth agh*—you don't feel hungry, do you?"

"No, father, but somehow you remind me of my hedge school days. Do you know aught of poor Malachi Higgins?"

"When I last saw him he was quite himself—as blithe as a thrush in his Grove of Academus, descanting learnedly on the mysteries of the Rule of Three and on the *pons asinorum*."

"Father O'Dowd's presence is requested by le Prefect des Clercs," said a mild voice at the door. The clergyman rose to his feet.

"Excuse me, Fergus; I must go—time is up; you must know I am at present a professor here. Take your wine, like a good boy. That's right—*slainte na bouchal!* And now good night, and safe home to your barracks. Be sure to come and see me soon again."

In a few minutes more O'Ronan was standing outside the gate of the college—vexed, chagrined, heartily annoyed with himself. The question he had come to put, but which he had neglected putting, once more presented itself with tantalizing emphasis to his mind: What had become of Marion Bourke?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

An Dreighnean Donn.

Saoileann ceud fear gur leo féin mé trá luigheas liom mionn,
'S go d-téidheann dá d-trian sios diom nuair smuainighim air do chómhrádh liom,
Sneachta siabtha a's biodh d'á shior-cur air shliabh Ui Fhloinn,
'S go bh-full mo ghrádh-sa mar bhiáth na n-áirneadh tá air an dreighneán donn.

Shaoil mé féin nach ag ceasacht spré orm rachfadh grádh mo chroidhe,
'S nach bh-fágfadh sé 'nna dhiaigh mé mar ngeall air mhaoin;
Farsoir geur nach bh-full mé 's an t-é chráidh mo chroidhe
I ngleann aléibhe I bh-fad ó aon neach agus an driúchd 'nna luidhe.

A chioch-an-ratha, ariamh nior mhinic leat an chaonach bheith ort go buan,
Fágaim air m'failuing, gur orm féin thiompuigh an ghaoth so d-tuaidh;
Is measa liom 'na ar cailleadh dom' dhaoinibh uaim,
Mo chómhnuidhe bheith air an m-baile so 's no ghrádh a bh-fad uaim.

Nach mairg bhidheas ag dréim leis an g-claidh a bhidheas árd,
'S ceann beag fsiol le n-a thaoibh air a leagfá do lámh,
Gidh gurab aluinn é an crann caorthann bidheann sé searbh as a bhárr,
'S go bh-fásann smeura 'gus súgha craebh air an tom is fsie biáth.

'S a stóirin, nach dona d'imthigh tú agus d'fhág tú mé
'S a liacht beart agus cluitheche d'imir tu lé go mealfá mé,
Ni'l long agam, ni'l cot agam, farsoir, no bád,
'S gurab dó I an fhairrge 'nna tonna eadrainn 's ni h-eolaigh dham snámh.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside, Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Macinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:50 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The bill for the amalgamation of the Athenry and Ennis Railway with the Midland Great Western, has been thrown out by the select committee of the house of lords.

Found — not lately, but 25 years ago — something that perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh in the Head. It's Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy — and where everything else fails, that *cures*. The worst chronic cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. See if yours won't. The makers of this Remedy say it will. And they make you this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case, they'll pay you $500 in cash—and they mean it.

Here are some of the symptoms of Catarrh; Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, bloody, putrid, and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. You won't have all at once; probably only a few of them. But you won't have *any* of them, if you'll take Dr. Sage's Remedy.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 22.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surrorised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T A. SLOCUM, M C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

HARRISON AND REID.

That Is the Ticket Nominated at Minneapolis.

END OF A CELEBRATED CONTEST.

The Delegates Finish Their Work and Turn Their Face a Homeward—Proceedings of the Last Day—What Some of the Delegates Say of the Nomination—New York Papers on Whitelaw Reid's Nomination for Vice President.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 18.—The correct result of the roll call on nomination of president in the National Republican convention Friday afternoon was: Harrison, 535 1-6; Blaine, 182 1-6; McKinley, 182; Reed, 4; Lincoln, 1. As soon as the announcement was made a motion to take a recess until 8 p. m. was carried, and the assembly dispersed.

Maj. McKinley called the convention to order about 9 o'clock in the evening and said the next business would be the call of states for nominations for vice-president. Pending this the galleries were thrown

WHITELAW REID.

open to the general public. No nominations were made until New York was reached. O'Connor took the platform and said the New York delegation had by a unanimous vote instructed him to place a distinguished man in nomination. He referred to the fact that the great majority of the New York delegates were in favor of a candidate who was not chosen. O'Connor is a good speaker, with a sonorous voice. He made himself heard in every corner of the hall, and in conclusion introduced Gen. Porter who was to nominate Reid.

Reid and the Printers.

The general talked slowly in the most emphatic manner, receiving a cordial welcome. Reid, he said, was New York's favorite son among the Republicans. He referred to Reid's service in the diplomatic corps in France. His troubles with the New York Typographical union had been amicably settled. In connection with this statement a communication from a committee of the union was read, resolving that, as Reid had made The Tribune office a union office, the union indorsed his candidacy and requested his nomination. Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut seconded his nomination. A West Virginia man wanted to make the nomination by acclamation, but Delegate Settle of Tennessee objected. Then Mr. Settle took the platform and led out with a speech nominating Thomas B. Reed of Maine and the nomination was seconded by Lowthan of Virginia.

Reed's Name Withdrawn.

A Maine delegate asked the delegates not to vote for Reed until he was a candidate. He was for Whitelaw Reid. Reed's name was withdrawn and Whitelaw Reid was unanimously nominated. The delegates began to leave the hall now and get to the hotels and trains. The contest was at an end, and after passing the customary vote of thanks, naming the notification committees and making McKinley chairman of the one to notify the president, the national Republiban convention adjourned sine die.

The Committees of Notification.

The committee to notify President Harrison of his nomination met immediately after the adjournment of the convention. There was nearly a full attendance, with Governor McKinley as chairman. It was decided to meet at the Ebbitt house, in Washington, at noon the 20th inst. and fixed upon that day to perform the duty assigned them. The committee to notify Mr. Reid of his nomination for vice president organized by selecting W. T. Durbin of Indiana as chairman, and J. E. Black of Missouri as secretary. It was decided to assemble at the Fifth Avenue hotel, Tuesday, June 21.

New National Committee Organized.

A meeting of the new national committee was held Friday night, forty-five of the fifty-one members being present. A temporary organization was effected by the selection of J. S. Clarkson as chairman, M. H. de Young as secretary, and Colonel Swords as sergeant-at-arms. This was in pursuance to a statement by Clayton of Arkansas to the effect that it was the desire of the president's friends that Clarkson, for the present at least, should take charge of the organization.

OPINION OF DELEGATES.

McKinley, Depew Fassett and Others On the Result.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 13.—Major McKinley left Minneapolis Friday night. Just before his departure he said to a reporter: "The ticket is magnificent. The convention did just the right thing and just what I wanted it to do. There is no feeling and we are going to win."

C. L. Magee, of the Pittsburg Times:—"In my opinion it is the strongest possible nomination which could have been made by the convention, and the enthusiasm for the candidate. The platform of the party will be strongest at the time of election."

Chairman Clarkson—We could have beaten Harrison if we had been able a little sooner to give a positive assurance that Mr. Blaine would accept the nomination. We were not really able to do this until last Saturday. Even after that we could have won but for the feeling aroused by Mr. Blaine's resignation from the cabinet. We made a good fight and lost. I am not sorry we made the effort to nominate somebody beside Mr. Harrison and for the good of the party sincerely regret that we did not succeed.

Never Makes Mistakes.

"A Republican national convention never makes a mistake," said J. S. Fassett as he was captured and carried away from the convention hall by Frank Hiscock, Chauncey Depew, and others of the opposing element in the New York delegation.

Chauncey M. Depew said: "When I was in Chicago last week I told just how it was done. I gave out every detail on schedule time."

"But you are a day behind your schedule!"

"Well, I had just arrived from New York and I was figuring on eastern time, which is a little faster, you know. There were matters that caused trifling delays, but it is better late than never, and I believe the result is the best that could have been accomplished. It was just as I expected and just what I wanted for the party and the country."

NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

What the New York Journals Say of Reid's Nomination.

NEW YORK, June 13.—The morning papers comment variously on the nomination of Whitelaw Reid for vice-president. The Press says the nomination is a merited recognition of the power of journalism as a molder and educator of public opinion. Mr. Reid will command the special confidence of the conservative business interests of the country. The World says organized labor will form its own opinion of the nomination, and organized labor has a habit of expressing its opinion in action and especially in votes.

Has Deserved the Honor.

The Times says it is a great honor that has come to Mr. Reid from his party. That he has deserved it there is no doubt, or if his desert is scant he will promptly take measures to repair the defect. As such things are reckoned, Mr. Reid's nomination is an honor to the newspaper calling.

The Herald says that as long ago as the middle of February it took occasion to refer to Mr. Whitelaw Reid as the strongest candidate for second place on the party's ticket. Mr. Reid has done good service and it therefore asked for his nomination. The Minneapolis convention accepted its suggestion, and the ticket will be Harrison and Reid.

Blaine Is for the Ticket.

BOSTON, June 13.—Ex-Secretary Blaine and Mrs. Blaine left for Bar Harbor yesterday afternoon. Before he left the city he gave this communication to the representatives of the Boston Journal:

"The resolution, energy and persistence which marked the convention at Minneapolis will, if turned against the common foe, win the election in November. All minor differences should be merged in the duty of every Republican to do all in his power to elect the ticket this day nominated by the national Republican convention. JAMES G. BLAINE."

THE DEAD AT TITUSVILLE.

Bodies of Two Bingheimer Children Found—Needs of Sufferers.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 13.—The bodies of a boy and girl were found in the ruins of the Bingheimer building Friday morning. They were identified as Jacob Bingheimer's youngest children. Bingheimer lost his wife and eight children by flood. Beds and clothing are greatly needed by the sufferers. Gangs of laborers are busy removing the wreckage. The danger from pestilence appears to be increasing and the relief committee is urged to employ more men to uncover and remove the great quantities of debris to be found all round. It is believed that much of this debris covers dead bodies. About half of the flood victims have been supplied with homes. The work of rebuilding has been started in several places.

More Dead at Oil City.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 13.—The two bodies found in the ruins in this city Friday have been identified as those of Wm. J. Hassenfritz, counter clerk and reporter for the W. U. telegraph company, and W. D. R. Terwilliger. The body found at Brandon's Ferry is believed to be that of Samuel Richardson. Two more bodies have been discovered down the river in an advanced stage of decomposition. William White, Ambrose W. Moran, Frank Goodrich, David Cupland and George Christy are missing. The total receipts of the relief committee up to Saturday morning were $57,435. Oil City's share of this amount will be 35 per cent., while the remainder will go to Titusville.

CYCLONE AT MINNETONKA.

George A. Brackett and Family Have a Narrow Escape.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 13.—A cyclonic wind swept over Orono Point at Lake Minnetonka at 7:30 Monday morning and wrought considerable havoc. The cottage of George A. Brackett, chairman of the local convention committee, was wrecked and Mr. Brackett and his family had a narrow escape from death. They had barely time to reach the cellar before the wind was upon them. A number of trees, some of them half a century old, were blown over on to the cottage. J. Sloat Fassett of New York and C. A. Pillsbury spent Sunday with Mr. Brackett, but came into the city the same evening, so they missed the experience. After wrecking the point the cyclone swept off into the lake, where it spent its force on the water. The whole affair lasted only a few seconds.

Suicide of a Physician.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13.—Rather than live afflicted with a disease which he knew was incurable and would entail long suffering Dr. Isaac C. Terry, a well-known physician, blew his brains out Monday morning. Dr. Terry was 56 years old and resided alone with his aged colored servant. The servant went up to the second-front room occupied by the physician to notify him that his breakfast was ready. No sooner had he left the room and reached the bottom of the stairs than he heard a pistol shot, and, running back, found the physician lying on the bed with blood oozing from his mouth.

The Missouri River Booming.

KANSAS CITY, June 13.—The Missouri river is booming here and reports from the river say that a big flood is coming down from the upper country, caused by heavy rains and cloudbursts in the last few days. The present high water here is from the June rise, and if on top of this comes floods from such sources as indicated, there is every reason to fear grave danger to the lowlands.

Pension Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The pension appropriation bill was Monday reported to the senate from the committee on appropriations. It carries a total of $146,737,350; an increase of $11,912,284 over the house bill and $327,200 less than the estimates. The bill, as reported, exceeds that of last year by $11,522,565. The principal increase over the house bill is $11,907,634 for army and navy pensions.

CHICAGO STORM-SWEPT

The Garden City Visited by a Furious Hurricane.

IT LASTED BUT A FEW MINUTES,

But During the Time Several Lives Were Lost and a Large Number of People Were Injured, Some Fatally—The Democratic Wigwam Damaged — Twelve United States Sailors Killed by an Explosion at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

CHICAGO, June 14.—Low, wind-laden clouds swept furiously over the city of Chicago Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, leaving death and desolation in their path. A seething mass of black mist, torn and tossed by wind and rent by lightning, swept down upon the city. The next instant the wrath of the elements was loosed, and when the first breath of the fierce tempest had passed homes were demolished, lives were lost, men, women, and children were mangled and maimed and property was destroyed. The storm was of a cyclonic and electrical nature, and came from the northwest, following a strong breeze from the southwest. Assistant E. H. Emery of the weather bureau thought the storm of a cyclonic nature. His instruments told him that the temperature fell from 84 to 69 degrees in five minutes. The registered rainfall was .43, but he estimated the actual rainfall at least twice that, for the wind prevented all the rain from reaching the instrument.

Velocity of the Wind.

The wind was from southwest to northeast and the duration of the storm was from 2:58 to 3:55 o'clock p. m. From 3:07 to 3:13 the wind blew sixty miles an hour, and from 3:12 to 3:13 eighty miles an hour; then fell off. The Auditorium tower vibrated to such an extent that the delicate indicator of the barograph was disarranged, injuring the instrument seriously. From the lake front the approach of the storm was a somber spectacle. First the sun was lost and the tossing lake took on an unnatural yellow. Then came a gust of cool wind. Along the eastern horizon a wavering line of white divided the water from a smoky haze of cloud. Suddenly a dusk thickened over everything and the waves became like ink whipped to foam. A train glided by and made moving silhouette against the flow strip of clear sky. Every part of it appeared dead black and the people on the platforms as seen momentarily through the windows were like solid shadows.

A Wall of Storm Clouds.

It was not the dim light of sunrise or sunset, but a weird shade, such as a calcium throws on a stage to bring out strange effects. The south was a wall of storm-clouds and this wall moved northward, for buildings, which stood out distinctly against it one minute, were lost at the next look. Spreading blackness crowded the strip of white horizon down into the lake and a rising wind hurried the frightened small boats toward the wharf. With the first spatter of rain came two deafening crashes of thunder and all of those who had stood on the pavement to watch the shifting transformation hurried to cover. Every horse on the boulevard broke into a gallop before the whip touched him. It seemed that the solid wall from the south would upset everything before it, but when it came it was only a whirl of wind and a drench of water, with noisy accompaniments. The hundreds who looked through the windows of hotel row and watched it slash the lake did not realise that it was more than a boisterious shower.

Democratic Wigwam Damaged.

As the storm passed over the Democratic wigwam it reached down with its powerful fingers and ripped the heavy canvas roof as a seamstress would a breadth of calico, and seventy-five men fled for their lives. In an instant the vast auditorium was covered with water and what was a scene of busy labor became a spectacle of dire confusion. The wind got under the canvas first through a rip made by a falling quarter pole of 10 by 6 inch timber, which pierced it at the northeast corner. Inflating it like a baloon the wind lifted the canvas, shook it up and down, tearing and pulling it asunder with each lift. Great pools of water which lay in the depressions of the roof rolled from side to side, aiding the destroying tempest by sheer force of gravity. The strain was too much for the wire guy-ropes. One after the other they broke, until all on the east side had been torn from their fastenings. Then with a rush the huge center-pole was drawn from its support, and, falling to the southeast, brought the great canvas disk to the floor.

Fatalities of the Storm.

The little home of Frank Klima, at the corner of Whipple and Twenty-sixth streets, was demolished and a mother and three children buried in the ruins. The killed are: Amelia Klima, 2 years old, crushed beneath the roof; Charles I. Roberts, fireman in Armour elevator B, buried beneath a falling wall; Harvy F. Stewart, 5423 Washington avenue, drowned off Sixty third street, body recovered; three unknown men drowned in the lake by the capsising of a rowboat off the north pier.

The injured are: Mrs. Frank Klima, shoulder dislocated, injured internally; Anna Klima, 5 years old, collar bone broken, contusion of the hip and internal injuries; J. J. P. Odell, cut on back of head, face lacerated and hip gashed by falling glass, injuries serious; Fred Merrill, assistant note teller at Union National bank, nose cut by falling glass; John Michon, 781 West Eighteenth street, struck on the head by flying lumber, not expected to recover.

Conductor Fatally Hurt.

E. Erickson, employed in L. B. Baker's lumber yard, caught under a pile of falling boards; badly injured internally; taken to the hospital; may recover. Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, 3523 Oakley avenue, injured on head by falling bricks. Irene Sullivan, 3523 Oakley avenue, injured on head and shoulders by falling bricks. Mrs. Charles Dallman, cut about the head by falling bricks. Mrs. M. Shoal, 431 Claremont avenue, cut about the head by a falling transom. John Sial, 573 Laflin street, skull fractured. William Loose, 638 Oakley avenue, skull fractured. James McGeeney, 740 Hinman street, leg fractured by falling falls. Gustave Gearing, 314 Washburne avenue, buried under a wall; skull fractured and right arm broken; may die. Charles Schweim, 1014 West Twentieth street, injured about the head. Edward French, conductor, had both legs broken, right shoulder crushed and internal injuries; cannot recover. Peter Randolph, brakeman, right leg crushed and body covered with bruises. E. A. Hazen, brakeman, right arm crushed and contusion of the breast.

TWELVE SAILORS KILLED.

Frightful and Mysterious Disaster at Mare Island.

VALLEJO, Cal., June 14.—One of the worst explosions ever known in California occurred just before noon Monday at the Mare island government navy yard, by which twelve men belonging to United States cruiser Boston were instantly killed, three fatally injured and three severely wounded. Following are the names of the killed: George Hittinger, Thomas Seymour, Colonel Sundberg, William Heckel, A. Kelbett, C. W. Smith, William Washburn, F. Legat, William Ostrander, William Rush, J. Johnson, H. Soos. The explosion took place in the shellroom and is supposed to have been due to one of the men dropping a shell as it was being filled, but this is mere theory, as none engaged in the work were left alive to tell the story. The force of the explosion was so great that most of the people in Vallejo believed it was an earthquake.

A Terrible Scene.

In a moment the Mare Island yard fire-bell began ringing, and as dense clouds of smoke arose the supposition was that a fire had broken out. The navy yard is directly across a small stream from Vallejo. The first to cross on the ferry to the navy yard beheld a terrible scene. One of the strong shellhouses in which the work of filling the shells is carried on was in ruins, while lying all about on the hill as if a great shell had exploded among them were scattered the mangled and bleeding forms of men wearing Uncle Sam's blue jackets. The ground looked as if it had been plowed up by cannon balls, and to add to the horror of the scene, flames broke out among the ruins filled with the fragments of the human victims. Bloody legs and arms were scattered about among the blackened heads and unrecognizable mass of fragments of what had been only a few minutes before strong and active men.

Drowned While Bathing.

CRESCENT CITY, Ills., June 14.—Joel H. David and L. and H. A. Edwards were drowned in Spring creek while in bathing. Joel David leaves a wife and two children.

DAVENPORT, Ia., June 14.—Julius and Emil Soensen, aged 16 and 14 years respectively, went bathing in a swollen stream about fifteen miles from here and both perished. The bodies have been recovered.

CONSTANTINE, Mich., June 14.—Charles Freeman, 18 years old, was drowned while bathing in a mill pond in this city. The body was recovered.

GALENA, Ills., June 14.—Will Bergman, 14 years old, was drowned while bathing in the Galena river.

Cyclone at Galva, Ills.

PEORIA, Ill., June 14.—News reached here Tuesday morning of a cyclone which occurred at or near Galva, a town about fifty miles north of here in Henry county. Persons who came through Galva after the storm report that the cyclone struck the village about 8 o'clock. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy roundhouse was completely destroyed. The Rock Island and Peoria depot was also destroyed. Many other buildings were wrecked, but no list of them is yet obtainable. The cyclone was accompanied by loss of life, but no accurate estimate of the casualties can be made at present.

DESPERATE MOTHER'S ACT.

She Drowns Herself and Two Youngest Children in the River.

BAY CITY, Mich., June 14.—Mrs. George Beaudry of South Bay City, jumped into the river Tuesday morning with two of her children and all were drowned. About 6 o'clock Mrs. Beaudry rose as usual and began getting breakfast. Her husband and five children were in bed. A few minutes later she went to the bedside of the two younger, and dressing them, started from the house carrying Victoria, aged 3, and leading George, aged 6, who has been blind for several years. Mrs. Beaudry went to the river, pushed the boy in, and, seeing a man coming down the street, she jumped in herself, with the girl in her arms. The man reached the river in time to see the mother and children about to sink, but not wishing to risk his life in an attempt to save the three, ran back to give an alarm. The bodies were recovered shortly afterwards.

Grand Lodge of Elks.

BUFFALO, June 14.—A conservative estimate of the number of Elks and their guests in attendance Tuesday morning at the grand lodge and annual reunion here places it at 6,000. It is conceded on all sides to be the largest gathering in the history of the order and the visitors are enjoying themselves to the full extent of their opportunities. At 9 o'clock the grand lodge session opened at the Academy of Music, Grand Exalted Ruler Hay of Washington presiding. Welcome addresses were delived by Mayor Bishop, Congressman Lockwood and ex-Assemblyman Andrus. At the closing of the welcoming exercises the grand lodge went into secret session.

McKinley Dined at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 14.—The first anniversary dinner of the Fellowship club took place Monday night at Kinsleys. The guest of the evening was Governor McKinley of Ohio, who dined with the club and made a little speech before hurrying to the Auditorium to whoop things up for the Republican ticket at the ratification meeting.

In Respect to the Dead.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—No business was done in either branch of congress Tuesday. After being notified of the death of Representative Stackhouse resolutions of respect were adopted in both the senate and house, the committees on funeral appointed, and both branches adjourned as a mark of respect.

Cabinet Meeting.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The cabinet meeting Tuesday was fully attended with the exception of Secretary Elkins. It is understood that several important appointments were discussed and the case of Commander Smith of the navy was also considered.

Iowa Town Fire Swept.

SIOUX CITY, June 14.—The town of Moville, twenty miles east of here, was almost wiped out by fire Monday night. Twenty business houses and several residences were destroyed. The loss is $60,000, partially insured.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Abbreviated Notice of a Week's Important Events.

Officers and soldiers of the French army will henceforward have a numbered metallic plate fastened on their collars for purposes of identification.

The Aurora, Ills., city council has passed an ordinance raising the liquor license from $500 to $1,000.

An alligator nine or ten feet long has been seen floundering around on the bank of the Wabash river near Andrews, Ind.

The United States will exhibit in the government building at the World's fair specimens of the various implements used by the army since 1776.

George Augustus Sala says that General Booth's darkest England scheme has turned out a fizzle.

William B. Weaver, a farmer living twelve miles east of Springfield, Ills., was instantly killed by lightning while plowing in the field.

John C. Brown, one of the most extensive logging contractors in the northwest, has failed, his liabilities amounting to $115,000 and nominal assets $90,000.

A company, which includes some of the leading Northern Pacific railway stockholders, with a capital of $10,000,000, has been organized in New York to build a fleet of whaleback vessels to compete for ocean carrying freight.

After a shutdown of nearly three months the Spreckles sugar refineries at Philadelphia has resumed operations, nearly one thousand men going to work.

The visible supply of grain, as compiled by the New York Produce exchange June 4, was: Wheat, 27,910,000 bushels; decrease of 1,538,000 bushels. Corn, 4,478,000 bushels; increase of 782,000 bushels. Oats, 3,369,800 bushels; increase of 194,000 bushels. Rye, 450,000 bushels; decrease of 161,000 bushels. Barley, 411,000 bushels; increase of 40,000 bushels.

While returning from work on a handcar on the Indianapolis and St. Louis road near Carbon, Ind., Thomas Fitzgerald and Joseph Miller were run into by a fast express and received severe if not fatal injuries.

* * *

The board of trade of Chicago was in a buzz of excitement Tuesday, owing to the depressing crop reports from Ohio, and wheat leaped up to 88 cents. Ed Pardridge is said to have bought 3,000,000 bushels of shorts at a loss of $250,000.

At a Bohemian dance in Milligan, Neb., a fight occurred between some Bohemians and the Costello brothers. A general row ensued and a number of people were hurt. Marshal Frank Mingler attempted to quell the distance and was shot by the Costellos and fatally wounded. The Costellos escaped.

William Kaneker, colored, assaulted the 11-year-old daughter of Joseph H. Ham of Apalachicola, Fla. He was promptly strung up.

Allerton and Axtell, the famous trotting stallions, have been matched to trot at the St. Joseph, Mo., meeting in September for a purse of $10,000.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Trunk Line association in New York, it was decided to advance rates for first-class freight 15 cents per 100 pounds.

Chief Clerk Frank Barrett has served thirty years in the financial end of the Chicago city government.

Frank Uttinger, a farmer living near Lexington, Ky., fatally wounded James Myers by shooting him in the abdomen. Myers, who is a notorious desperado, is said to have been intimate with Uttinger's wife.

The prescribed course of medical instruction in the Mexican National university is seven years.

Delivery wagons, the motive power of which is electricity, are the newest vehicles in London. A green grocer had the first.

* * *

The Durham (England) miners have issued an appeal for relief, stating that owing to the condition of the mines only one-half of the miners are able to resume work.

The Whitechapel district of London has furnished another horror, a boy being found tied to railings in front of a house with his throat cut.

J. F. Fisk of Chicago, a traveling salesman, attempted to commit suicide at Oshkosh, Wis., by cutting his throat.

The Wholesale Grocers' Association of the United States is in session in New York, attempting to fix the price of sugar.

The returns issued by the board of trade of London for May show that the imports increased £360,000 and the exports decreased £1,960,000 as compared with that of last year.

A domestic named Mary Anderson was found in a swamp between Woodbridge and Perth Amboy, N. J., with her throat cut.

Postmaster Farwell of Independence, Ia., has been notified that after July 1 the office would be placed on the second class list, which means a free delivery system.

The Bell Telephone company has declared an extra dividend of 3 per cent. besides its quarterly dividend of 3 per cent., payable June 15. The Western Union Telegraph company has declared a regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent.

Judge Phillips at Carlinville, Ills., sentenced a wife murderer, Joseph Burroughs, to ninety-five years in the penitentiary.

Bernard Woffel pleaded guilty to a charge of arson in New York, and hung himself to an air pipe in the Tombs later.

The next supreme council of the Royal Arcanum will be held in Minneapolis in June, 1893.

Bob Day, advance agent for Sells & Rentfrew's circus, got drunk in Clinton, Ia., and stole a clock, for which he was arrested and is now serving a sentence in jail.

Leon Dion of Boston has an electrical invention that does away with the trolleys on electric cars.

Caroline Carlson, an aged woman, suffering from the grip, jumped into a well at Paxton, Ills., and was drowned.

The New York World's fair managers are well satisfied with the outlook for the state's exhibit, 103 applications for space having been made last month.

The Queen of England donated $250 for the relief of the sufferers by the hurricane in Mauritius.

The floods in the valley of the Danube are increasing alarmingly. The inhabitants of Vienna have been officially notified that there is danger of an inundation.

James Richard Cooke, graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine last week, is the first person totally blind from infancy to receive a degree as physician.

* * *

Governor Boies of Iowa has appointed J. B. Johnson and A. N. Denman state delegates to the convention of the Missouri branch of the Boys' and Girls' Home Employment association to be held in Kansas City June 20 and 21.

The legislative assembly of Styria, in Austria, has passed a law forbidding poor people to marry without a special license from the authorities.

The Germans prepare an excellent substitute for tea from the leaves of the common strawberry plant.

Thieves entered Al Flannigan's store at Westfield, Ind., and carried away clothing, jewelry, etc., to the amount of $1,000.

There are 375 Sunday schools in New York, the Episcopalians leading with eighty-five and the Presbyterians second with seventy-two.

Ole O. Moen and Otto H. Witte, young men of Augusta, Eau Claire county, Wis., have been placed in jail there on the charge of murder. It is alleged they are the men who pounded August Stephen to death at Augusta Sunday night and left his body in a barn.

S. S. St. John, president of the defunct Commercial and Savings bank, of Kearney, Neb., has been held under $6,000 bonds for receiving deposits after he knew of the bank's insolvency.

Senator Blackburn has introduced a bill appropriating $1,200,000 for the procurement under contract of fifty mortars and carriages for the defense of the Pacific coast.

The president has signed the act for a bridge across the Mississippi river at Moline, Ill.

Conjecture is made that congress will adjourn for the session before July 4.

* * *

Ex-Premier Mercier, of the province of Qnebec, and Ernest Pacand have been committed for trial at the next term of court by Judge Chauveau.

The French are amazed that the English should have built the Royal Sovereign, their biggest ironclad, in two years and a half. The Neptune and Majenta, two French ships, have been twelve years building. The Messrs Yarrow lately offered to build a small vessel in thirty days.

Mayor Stearns and Trustees Kohler, McGie and Frank Given of Nampa, Ida., have been arrested on a charge of usurping office and illegally disbursing town money.

Lewis H. Green, acting president of the whisky trust, has been rearrested at Cincinnati, on practically the same indictment, with errors remedied, as that upon which he and other officers of the trust were arrested at Boston.

Among the many visitors who come to Friedrichsruhe to pay their respects to Prince Bismarck was a club of bicyclists numbering 100, who recently rode over from a neighboring city. The ex-chancellor delivered a short speech on athletic sports and the history of the bicycle to the company.

Damaging cloudbursts and floods have occurred at Poughkeepsie, Kingston and Arcade, N. Y.

Over 600 yards of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railway tracks were washed out by a cloudburst near Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Justice Lamar has so far recovered from his illness of a few weeks ago that he now accepts dinner invitations. As soon as his wife returns from the south they will start for the White mountains, where they expect to spend the summer.

The most important literary find of recent years is undoubtedly the purchase by Mr. Davey of London of a lot of waste paper which turns out to be three thick volumes of notes of Victor Hugo's table talk, during five years of his exile at Gurnsey, transcribed by his son, Francois Victor Hugo.

J. A. Van Horn, who was lost on the desert sixty miles west of Tucson, A. T., has been brought in, having been eight days without water and subsisted on the cacti and some canned fruit he found near two skeletons of human beings. When found he was in a helpless condition. Martin Weir, his partner, who went after the rescuing party, was also a great sufferer. Both men are physically wrecked.

* * *

About 14,000 persons from the Mahoning and Shenango valleys and western Pennsylvania attended the annual picnic of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel workers at Rock Point, Pa.

Chris McNamara, a gambler in confinement for the murder of Reese Fowler, also a gambler, died in the county jail at Chattanooga, where he had been for nine months.

John Redmond, responding to the address of welcome of the New York committee advocated a reunion of Irishmen acting independently of English politics.

John N. Strausser and wife of Las Vegas, N. M., while out driving were thrown from the carriage and fatally injured.

Democrats in the house have announced that they intend to expedite legislation, looking toward an early adjournment.

Austria and Hungary have decided to be represented at the international monetery conference by officers from the departments of finance.

The last order issued by a Confederate general has been received by the collector of curios at the Iowa state house.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Agnes Huntington.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE REVIVAL

The patriotic exertions of Douglas Hyde, Mr. T. O'Neill Russell and other Gaelic scholars in Europe and America have, it would seem, at last impressed the leaders of the Irish people with the necessity of reviving and fostering the grand old Gaelic language in which so many Irish sages and heroes wrote and spoke, and which the criminal negligence of at least two generations of Irishmen threatened with speedy extinction. Had Thomas Davis lived, had the young Ireland movement even partially succeeded, there is little doubt that Gaelic would be as universally spoken in Ireland today as English. Daniel O'Connell delighted to address his countrymen in the dear old tongue, and the large, loving heart of Smith O'Brien prompted him to master it in middle age. He was prouder in his old age of being able to speak, read and write the language of his warlike progenitor, King Brian of Kinkora, than of all his other accomplishments. Young Ireland did much for the Irish language, but the great famine nearly obliterated the effect of the labors of that splendid galaxy of genius. The devilish ingenuity of the English and Anglo-Irish proselytizers made them seize upon the Gaelic speech as an instrument for the "conversion" of the unfortunate poor in the remotest districts of Ireland. King James' Bibles and Books of Common Prayer were printed in Gaelic and distributed throughout the impoverished coast and mountain districts. "Jumper" preachers were employed to hurl philippics against the Catholic faith in the language St. Patrick himself used when converting the Irish from Paganism to Christianity, and all this made many well-meaning Catholic clergymen rather hostile to the revival of the Gaelic speech. The Most Rev. John McHale, archbishop of Tuam, and the Very Rev. Ulick Burke saw further than they. The great prelate and the learned doctor resolved to use the old tongue for the purpose of strengthening the Irish people in the Catholic faith. Dr. McHale translated the best of Moore's melodies into Gaelic. Prayer books and catechisms were also translated into Gaelic by the Archbishop and Dr. Burke. In this way Gaelic was preserved in most of the Connacht districts, and the "Jumpers" were beaten upon their own ground and at their own game. The Fenian movement rose, progressed and fell. The leaders, although devoted Irishmen, and some of them, like O'Mahony and O'Donovan Rossa, accomplished Gaelic savants, thought it was better to fight first and teach the language afterwards, so that the Fenians did little or nothing for the propagation of Gaelic. So great became the apathy, so apparent the danger of extinction, that the Rev. Michael Mullen, a gentle, unassuming young priest, by birth a Galwayman, was impelled to write that powerful poem, beginning with the words—

'Tis fading, oh 'tis fading, like leaves upon the trees,
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like a wail upon the breeze—
'Tis swiftly disappearing, like footprints on the shore
Where the Barrow and the Erne and Lough Swilly's waters roar!
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Lough Corrib in the West,
And ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name,
Her monarchs and her heroes, her glory and her fame;
The time wrought shell were murmured, thro' centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom in annal and in song,
Is slowly, surely sinking into silent death at last—
To live but in the memories of those who love the Past!

Father Mullen's poem, full of fiery pathos, stirred many a cold heart to a feeling of shame for the base desertion of Ireland's proudest heritage, and a new movement for the preservation of the Gaelic language came into existence. It is not too much to say that the very gratifying success of this latest effort has been due to three Irishmen, two of whom, at least, are of Saxon or Norman origin, Douglas Hyde, O Neill Russell, and Father Keegan of St. Louis. The two latter especially never ceased to remind, sometimes in the language of bitterness, Mr. Parnell and his followers, in the day of their power, that they were committing a great error by manifesting so much indifference to the fate of the Gaelic language, but Mr. Parnell, with all his fine qualities, was too cold in temperament to waste any time, as he would put it, on what he believed to be a mere "philological fad." He looked at Irish matters from an utilitarian rather than a sentimental standpoint, and in this lay his chief fault as a popular leader. Had Parnell possessed the imagination of Thomas Davis he would have been equal to O'Connell in genius, for he had nearly all the other qualities that make a man a leader of his kind.

In connection with this subject, it would be unfair to omit honorable mention of the New York *Irish American*, which has always maintained a Gaelic column, and also the Boston *Echo* and the New York *Gaelic Journal*. THE CITIZEN, too, has done its part, but prefers giving credit to its patriotic contemporaries. The Gaelic tongue in Ireland has recently found a champion, and a powerful one, in William O'Brien, M.P., a faulty politician, but an enthusiastic patriot. Mr. O'Brien, a few weeks ago, lectured on the Irish language before the National Club of Cork, and made such an impression by his advocacy of the revival and propagation of Gaelic that study of the language has become a kind of passion in the Irish Athens. In the course of his eloquent, and at the same time practical, remarks Mr. O'Brien said:

"The Gaelic tongue, while it is honored in the schools, has been dying on the hills. The masters of many languages take off their hats to it, but to the Irish youth, whom it has suckled, whose mental atmosphere, so to say, it has provided, whose blood pulses with its inspirations, it is still a stranger—an uncouth, ill-clad, poor relation at the door. I do not preach any sudden or violent diversion of our national energies from the channels in which they are now directed, for a National parliament is the life-giver without which no national interest can flourish, and in whose heat all fair and seemly accessories of National life are sure to blossom forth again. I am fully persuaded that any general Gaelic revival will not come as a mere matter of National penance for past forgetfulness, much less on the terms of penalizing the use of that agglomeration of languages which is called the English. It will have to be proven that the language of our fathers is a pleasure and a luxury to the Celtic tongue and brain, even as the hurling and hunting sports of our fathers have been proven to be an exhilaration to the Celtic brawn and muscles. Poor human nature will have to be convinced that a knowledge of the Irish language, in place of being to them a thing to blush for and disown—a mark of inferiority to be concealed like the faint dark circle around the finger nails of the octoroon—ought to be the first object of an Irish Nationalist's young ambition, a new sense, a delicious exercise of the faculties, the key that unlocks to him the old palaces and the old hunting-grounds of his dreams, the music which comes ringing down the ages from the life of the saints, who chanted in the old abbeys; of the warriors whose lusty shouts rang over the old battlefields, and of the lovers who worshipped by the haunted Irish springs. Approached thus, with the loving ardor of a nation's second youth, the tongue of Tara and Kinkora may realize the fond prophecy that 'the Gaelic will be in high repute yet among the music-loving hosts of Eirinn,' and the men who clung to it when it was persecuted, who believed in it when it was scorned, who in the watches of the night hoped on beside what seemed to be its bed of death, may yet taste the reward of knowing that they have preserved unto the happier coming time a language which will be the well-spring of a racier national poetry, national music, national painting and of that richer spiritual life of simplicity, of equality, of good fellowship, of striving after the higher and holier ideals, with which the Celtic race alone seems to have the promise of brightening the future of a disenchanted world."

FIVE DEMOCRATIC RICHMONDS.

The Democratic national convention will meet at the Wigwam in this city on the 21st inst. At this writing, five real candidates for the presidency loom on the political horizon—Hill, Cleveland and Flower of New York, Gorman of Maryland and Boies of Iowa. Among knowing Democrats it is said that both Hill and Cleveland are unavailable, because of bitter rivalry between themselves and their followers, and there seems to be a strong undercurrent in favor of Flower. In order to be reasonably certain of victory, the knowing Democrats claim that they must carry the State of New York. If either Hill or Cleveland is nominated this, they claim, cannot be done, because each is determined to "down" the other. The traditional Democratic policy has been to nominate for the presidency a governor of New York who has been signally victorious at the polls. Thus Tilden was put up in 1876 and Cleveland in 1884, not to mention other instances. Flower had a great majority when he was elected governor, and he cannot, it is claimed, be considered the representative of a faction. Gorman, they say, comes from a comparatively unimportant State, while Boies may be considered the outcome of a local, not a national, revolution. Whatever the event, there is bound to be a lively time at the convention, and it is safe to assume that there will be an equally lively time after it, when the great rival parties form their lines of battle for the momentous struggle. The influx of the delegates and others interested has already begun, and southern drinks are in great demand at all the hotel refreshment rooms. Kentucky colonels and Georgia majors are thick as summer bees in town, and they don't seem to find much atmospheric difference between our climate and their own.

MR. REDMOND IN NEW YORK.

Mr. John E. Redmond, the eloquent M. P. for Waterford City, addressed a large meeting at the New York Academy of Music on Wednesday evening. Among his auditors was the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew—always a good friend of the Irish cause. Mr. Redmond stated positively that the only obstacle in the way of Irish union was Mr. Timothy M. Healy. THE CITIZEN does not doubt Mr. Redmond's veracity, but it keenly suspects that the able member for Waterford himself is not entirely blameless. His masterly oratory captured his audience—for Mr. Redmond is among the first of living public speakers—and he succeeded in raising $3 000. This, however, is only a drop in the bucket, and is simply money thrown away. Bagatelles of that kind count for nothing in such a struggle as that in which the Irish are engaged. The true policy for Irish Americans to pursue is to refuse financial aid to either faction, and to insist upon a union at any cost. When that is accomplished, there will be no fear of the Irish national treasury running short, because of American apathy.

IRISH VALOR HANDSOMELY RECOGNIZED.

The management of the Gettysburg Cyclorama, Wabash avenue and Panorama place, has, at the suggestion of THE CITIZEN, done a gracious and a graceful act, in painting the Irish flag, crossed with the American, upon its outer walls. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that the Irish-Americans of this city, and all of our race who may visit Chicago during the coming Democratic National Convention and the World's Fair, will show their appreciation of the courtesy by visiting the stirring reproduction of the greatest of American battles, in which the soldiers of our race so gallantly distinguished themselves. It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that the brave victor of Gettysburg, Gen. George G. Meade, was mainly of Irish descent, and that his father, mother and many of his other relatives are interred in one of the oldest of the Catholic churchyards of Philadelphia. For this reason it is doubly appropriate that the flag of Ireland, in company with the symbols of other warlike nations, who gave of their blood for American Union and the abolition of slavery, should help to decorate the walls of the Gettysburg panorama building.

The battle of Gettysburg was the real turning point of the great and successful struggle of this government to put down rebellion. Without that victory, the triumphs of Grant at Henry, Donelson and Vicksburg would have been practically useless, as, had Meade been vanquished, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York and the National Capital itself, would have fallen into the hands of the rebels. This would have destroyed our credit at home and abroad. France and England, with other European powers also, would have recognized the independence of the Confederacy, and our proud America of today would have been rent in twain—a prelude to other rendings which would have reduced it to a condition of anarchy and insignificance.

It is just, therefore, that the valor of all the Americans born in Europe, who fought with the native soldiery for the maintenance of the Union at Gettysburg, should be recognized, if only to remind cranks and bigots, who are to be found in even the freest and happiest of lands, that the Frenchman, the German, the Scandinavian, the Pole, the Irishman, and other foreign-born citizens, sealed their devotion to liberty and humanity with their blood as freely as the men born within the sanctuary of American freedom and independence.

It was the good fortune of the Irish-American soldiers engaged at Gettysburg to distinguish themselves on the second and third days of the great fight. On July 2, the remnant of Meagher's Irish Brigade, of the Second Corps, composed of the 63d, 69th and 88th New York, the 28th Massachusetts and the 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers, rushed gallantly to the assistance of Gen. Sickles' Corps (the Third) and materially aided it in holding Little Round Top against the desperate assaults of the rebel columns. Recently, the Gettysburg Monument Association assigned to James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, the high honor of composing the dedicatory poem for the High Water Mark Monument, which indicates the spot where the foremost files of Pickett's superb division fell on July 3, in the fierce, but vain, attempt to pierce the Union centre. In this bloody repulse of the Confederate forlorn hope, the 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers—a thoroughly Irish organization—bore a glorious part.

"During the recent exercises at Gettysburg," says a New York contemporary, "Colonel John B Bachelder, the government historian of the battlefield, supplemented the work of the local guides by answering questions on different parts of the field respecting the operations of the contending armies during the three days' fight. His lecture at the copse of trees on Seminary Ridge descriptive of Pickett's wonderful charge across the open fields and the terrible hand to hand fighting on the Ridge was particularly stirring.

"He opened an old sore when he pointed to the handsome monument of the 72d Pennsylvania Regiment, which stands on a line with that of the Irish 69th of Philadelphia, close down to the stone wall, where the most desperate fighting of the third day took place. Col. Bachelder described how the Irish soldiers had stood their ground without flinching during the whole engagement, and had thus entitled themselves to a place for their monument closer to the Confederate lines than the others. But he declared that the placing of the monument of the 72d Pennsylvania parallel with that of the Irish soldiers was a shameful perversion of history.

"He described how when the fight was the fiercest the colonel of the 72d, raising his voice above the din of the roaring batteries on the Ridge, had ordered his soldiers to proceed down the hill to the relief of the Irish 69th, which was battling even with clubbed muskets against the brave advance of Pickett's men over the stone wall. His regiment refused to obey him, and he was seen to attempt to drag his cowering color-bearer by the collar down the hill. This failed, and he went down alone to join the fighting 69th.

"Years afterwards when the survivors of the 72d Pennsylvania applied for the right to place their monument on a line with that of the 69th, the Memorial Association which has charge of the field declined to permit it, and insisted that the monument should be placed further back. The regiment took the matter into the courts, and by a decision of the Supreme court of Pennsylvania the monument of the 72d Regiment was placed on a level with that of the brave 69th's soldiers, who held the position at that part of the stone wall alone and unaided. Colonel Bachelder grew warm in denouncing this decision, and his little speech was warmly applauded.

"A singular corroboration of Col. Bachelder's account of this incident was given in the evening by Col. Andrew Cowan of Louisville, who happened to reach Gettysburg at the same time as the newspaper visitors. Col. Cowan commanded a battery within a few feet of the famous copse of trees, and he declared that he had himself witnessed the demoralization of the 72d Pennsylvania, and the frantic efforts of its colonel to compel the color-bearer to advance down the hill.

"Among the nearly 450 beautiful monuments that the visitors looked at, those of the Tammany Regiment and the 69th New York were voted amongst the most imposing in the field."

It is painful, at any time, to be compelled by the facts of history to make invidious comparisons between soldiers of the same army, but as Col. Bachelder and Col. Cowan are both Americans, they cannot be accused of exalting Irish valor at the expense of other races. The management of the Gettysburg panorama can see by this authentic history of the part taken by the Irish-American contingents in the battle, that they have made no mistake in recognizing the Green Flag and the men who made it worthy to float in the hurricane of war beside the Stripes and Stars.

A HARD CASE.

[*Communicated.*]

One of the most shockingly disgraceful things that ever occurred in America, relating to Ireland, took place some weeks ago in New York. A young man named Carney landed in that port from the county Kerry. He was young, handsome, and of gigantic stature; six feet and nine inches in height, but he could not speak any English. An Irish clergyman is supposed to be told off for the special purpose of aiding the poorer and less learned of the Irish immigrants that land on these shores, with at least information and advice; but there was no one to aid or advise, or even to speak, to poor Carney because he spoke nothing but Irish! To the credit of the commissioners of immigration be it said that they did all in their power to assist Carney. They soon had him surrounded with men of a dozen different nationalities—German, French, Slavonic, Scandinavian, Polish, Bohemian and half a dozen other languages were showered onto him; but of course he understood never a word of any of them. The poor man was almost crazed. He wanted to go to some place in New England, but he was as helpless as if he had dropped from the moon, notwithstanding the fact that there were thousands of people within pistol shot of the spot on which he landed who could have understood him and talked with him, but no one was there to aid him, counsel him, or speak to him! The American papers of New York have given the matter wide circulation; the *Sun* and the *World* had each over a column on it. What will the thinking men of other nationalities say as they read this disgraceful affair, and at the same time read about the Irish breaking their necks and breaking one another's heads about Home Rule? They come but to the conclusion that the Irish are only shamming in posing as nationalists, or that they are politically the greatest fools in Christendom.

It is not to be wondered at that the Irish have learned the English language; it is even not to be wondered at that so many of them, in the stern battle for very life that they have had to fight for hundreds of years have forgotten their mother tongue; but it is a wonder of wonders and a disgrace of disgraces that when this poor young giant from Kerry landed on these shores, there was no one to help him, or even to speak to him, out of all the tens of thousands in New York and its vicinity that speak the Irish language.

It may be that this thing that has caused such talk in New York, and has brought such disgrace on the Irish name in that city, happened by accident. It may be that the cleric who has undertaken the praiseworthy task of looking after the interests of the Irish Catholic immigrants, was sick or away from home when Carney landed. But the affair, and the talk and scandal which it has aroused, should never be allowed to repeat itself. There are still some hundreds of thousands of people in Ireland who speak little or no English. Let those Catholic clergymen who are appointed to look after newly landed immigrants, have always some one who understands Irish to speak to those who still cling to their national language.

R

MR. BLAINE STILL A POWER.

There is just now a great disposition among American Mugwump papers, and some Democratic and Republican organ grinders also, to cry down Mr. Blaine because of his defeat at Minneapolis. With them he is a "back number" and all that. Mr. Blaine will never be a "back number" in American public affairs as long as he lives. He is still to the masses of the American people, without much regard to party lines, the ideal statesman, a man of genius and of patriotism. His name will live forever among those who have made the Great Republic illustrious. THE CITIZEN does not think that the result at Minneapolis was a fair test of Mr. Blaine's strength. In the first place, his February letter—an impulsive production as his resignation from the cabinet was an impulsive act—allowed most of the delegates to be pledged to the renomination of President Harrison. As men of honor, they could not avoid their pledges or their instructions. The President's course in the whole business was strong and dignified. He would not allow his supporters to abuse or misrepresent Mr. Blaine; and it must be confessed that Gen. Harrison's administration has been clean and vigorous, which gave him a leverage among the delegates apart from the circumstances already stated. The fool friends of the President would have thrown mud at Mr. Blaine if they dared, but their chief is too much a man of sense and discretion, and is altogether too conscious of Mr. Blaine's great strength with the people, to allow such a course to be pursued. THE CITIZEN predicts that before the November election is decided Mr. Blaine will be a factor in the campaign that cannot be safely ignored. He has millions of friends—disinterested friends at that—in this country, and they will take care that the man they admire and honor cannot be slighted by any political party.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS' OFFICERS.

At the great international convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, held recently in Montreal, Canada, the following officers were elected: John C. Schubert, of Chicago, high chief ranger; C. Richot, Montreal, high vice chief ranger; Thomas H. Cannon, of Chicago, high secretary; Henry Detmer, Chicago, high treasurer; Dr. T. F. O'Malley, Chicago, high medical examiner; high trustees, Pallip Murphy, Milwaukee; John Rednoz Henry Schomer, Michael Cyr, David McGann, John F. O'Brien, Chicago. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the proceedings, and the returned delegates say that they were treated with the greatest courtesy and hospitality by the members of the order, and the citizens generally, in Montreal. Mr. Schubert, clerk of the criminal court of Cook county, Mr. Thomas H. Cannon and Dr. O'Malley are widely and favorably known, and the other officers elected are equally deserving.

MR. JAMES CONWAY, father of the gifted writer and poetess, Katherine E. Conway, assistant editor of the *Pilot*, died recently in Boston, Mass., in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Conway was born near Ballina, county Mayo, and came to America in 1858. He had been in failing health for some years preceding his death.

The Gaelic Class.

The school opened promptly last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, with a very large attendance, among whom were two young ladies, namely Miss Vaughan of No. 424 Warren avenue, and Miss Brazil of the same number. Miss Vaughan is assistant principal of the West Side High School, having read all the Greek literature from Homer to Xenophon. She is equally well versed in Latin and can sing the travels of Æneas after the sacking of Troy, in the silver strains of Virgil, the sweet Mantuan bard. She is also a musician, and to her varied literary and musical accomplishments she desires to add a knowledge of the language of her ancestors. God bless the dear young ladies, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 3 to 5 p.m., Sundays.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

Postmaster Foster of Lubec, Me., writes that after the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

A. O. H.

Convention of Illinois Hibernians Favor Irish Language and Literature.

DECATUR, Ill., June 14.—The annual State meeting of the Illinois Ancient Order of Hibernians convened today in the hall of Decatur Division No. 1, and were given a cordial welcome to the city by City Attorney McDonald, to which State Delegate Healey of Chicago responded. This afternoon the addresses and reports showed that there are 5,000 members of the benevolent order in Illinois and that during the last year $17,000 in benefits was paid.

Committees on resolutions, revising of standing committees, auditing accounts, the press, grievances, and rules of order were appointed. The sentiment of the delegates is favorable on the provision for the endowment of $50 000 for the chair in the Catholic University at Washington City to teach the Irish language, Irish history, and literature.

It was voted to join in the gathering at the World's Fair to celebrate with other Catholic societies the discovery of America. The society accepted the invitation to parade tomorrow and attend high mass, which is to be celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Mackin. In the afternoon the Society in a body will attend the funeral of Mrs John Giblin.

The city is appropriately decorated in honor of the visitors. Tomorrow night the complimentary ball will occur at Guards' Armory. Elaborate preparations have been made for the event.

DECATUR, Ill., June 15.—The second day's session of the Illinois Ancient Order of Hibernians was largely attended and considerable business was transacted. The resolutions in general cordially advised all Hibernians to do all in their power to make the World's Fair a success; recommended that all national and state representatives bring about a reunion of all Ancient Order of Hibernian men at the World's Fair; sympathized with the Irish in Ireland in all their efforts for national independence, but advised the Hibernians in Illinois to withhold all assistance until the Irish unite in the work in hand. The resolutions also indorsed the endowment of a $50 000 chair in the university at Washington City.

High mass was celebrated today at St. Patrick's church by the Rev. Father Mackin, who said he fully appreciated and indorsed the motives and methods of the society in teaching the principles of Christian charity and unity. He said further that all members of the Hibernian Society are lovers and defenders of the United States, and that every man who became a Hibernian was a better man and a better citizen. The state delegates with divisions from Decatur, Bloomington, Champaign, Danville, Dimond, Ivesdale and Pana made an imposing street parade. This afternoon in a body the Hibernians attended the funeral of the wife of Mr. John Giblin. At the afternoon session after general discussion it was decided to leave the question of uniform regalia to the State officers, who will report to county divisions. It is probable that all old officers will be re elected with Lawrence Henley as state delegate. The convention is in progress at Guards' Armory.

Iowa Hibernians.

DES MOINES, Ia., June 14.—The fourth biennial State meeting of the A.O.H. convened here this morning with 300 delegates present. They attended high mass at St. Ambrose church, after which there was a parade. At 11 o'clock the meeting was called to order, P. B. Wolfe of DeWitt presiding. Father Flavin, among other things, said that he approved of the A.O.H. and its motto, "Unity, Friendship, and charity," was worthy of the support of every man. He urged the members of the order to remember that they were, first of all, Americans. They should honor the American flag first, then the green flag of old Ireland.

The report of the secretary showed that there were in Iowa 3 800 members of the order in forty-two divisions. There had been paid out during the last two years the sum of 10,505 in sick benefits. The several divisions had at the present time $40 500 cash on hand and property valued at $35 000

The chairman appointed the following committees:

Credentials—James Duggan, M. T. Scanlan, DesMoines; J. H. Griffin, Sioux City.

By-Laws—Fred B Sharon, Davenport; Charles W. Moran, Clinton; J. M Kenney, Keokuk; the Rev. D. F. McGafferty, Fonda; Mr. McCarty, Dubuque.

Resolutions—J. W. Cahill, Keokuk; P. T. McCook, Cedar Rapids; J. J. Smith, Ottumwa.

Press—J. I. Branagan, Emmetsburg; J. M. Galvin, Council Bluffs; Mr. Killen, Danbury.

Auditing—P. H. Dolin, Palo Alto; J. B Kief, Sioux City; P. E. C. Lalley, Crawford.

Grievances—F. Norton, Burlington; J. J. Flannery, DesMoines; Mr. Hunt, Johnson.

Insurance—S. Monahan, Stuart; M. T. Scanlan, DesMoines; P. H. Judge, De Witt.

OBITUARY.

MR. PATTICK CASEY.

Patrick Casey, an old resident of Chicago, died Wednesday at his home, No. 607 Jackson boulevard. He was buried in Calvary. Patrick Casey was born in Ballovan, county Limerick, Ireland, in 1819, and, with his parents, three brothers and three sisters, came to America in 1837. In 1840 the family moved to Chicago. They engaged in contract, canal and railroad work after reaching Illinois, and the first job they put through was the Illinois and Michigan canal. Afterward they did much work for the city, opening new streets, paving, grading and filling in. They had a large contract to dredge the Chicago river, and Halsted street, south of the river, which was built by them, was first named Casey avenue. In 1855 Patrick and James opened a furniture store at No. 40 Fifth avenue. Two years later they moved across the street, and the concern has since done a successful business there. James Casey withdrew ten years ago. The business is now valued at $1 500 000. Mr. Casey leaves a widow and four sons and two daughters.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER III.

The Disarming Act passed into a law, of course, by large majorities. It was in vain that some Irish members resisted; in vain Mr. Smith O'Brien moved that instead of meeting the discontent of Ireland with a new "Arms Bill," the house should resolve itself into a committee "to consider the causes of the discontent with a view to the redress of grievances." O'Brien, who was afterwards to play so conspicuous a part, was not yet a repealer; he had been for twenty years one of the most industrious members of parliament, and was attached, on most questions, to the Whig party. His speech, however, on this motion, showed that he regarded it as a last effort to obtain any approach to justice in a British parliament; and that if they still resolutely adhered to the policy of coercion, and nothing but coercion, he would very shortly be found by O'Connell's side. He pointed out the facts which justified discontent; that the Union made Ireland poor, and kept her poor; that it encouraged the absenteeism of landlords, and so caused a great rental to be spent in England; that nearly a million sterling of "surplus revenue," over what was expended in the government of Ireland, was annually remitted from the Irish to the English exchequer; that Irish manufactures had ceased, and the profits on all the manufactured articles consumed in that island came to England; that the tenantry had no permanent tenure or security that they would derive benefit by any improvements they might make; that Ireland had but 105 members of parliament, whereas her population and revenue together entitled her to 175; that the municipal laws of the two countries were not the same; that the new "Poor Law" was a failure, and was increasing the wretchedness and hunger of the people; and the right honorable gentleman (Sir R. Peel) had now declared his ultimatum; he declared that "conciliation had reached its limits; and that the Irish should have an Arms Bill, and nothing but an Arms Bill." (Speech of July 4, 1843).

His facts were not disputed. Nobody in parliament pretended to say that anything in this long catalogue was overstated; but the house refused the committee of inquiry; would discuss no grievances; and proceeded with their Arms Bill.

It may be said that these excessive precautions to keep arms out of the hands of the Irish people, testified the high esteem in which the military spirit of that people was held in England; and in that point of view the long series of Arms Acts may be regarded as a compliment. In truth, the English had some occasion to know that the Irish make good soldiers. In this very month of July, 1843, for example, a British general fought the decisive battle of Meeanee, by which the Ameers of Scinde were crushed. While the bill for disarming Ireland was pending in London, far off on the banks of the Indus, Napier went into action with less than 3,000 troops against 25,000; only 400 of his men being "British" soldiers; but those 400 were a Tipperary regiment—the 22nd—and they did their work in such style as made the gray old warrior shout with delight: "Magnificent Tipperary!" In some distant latitude or longitude arms are thought to fit Irish hands, but not at home.

In the meantime some additional regiments, mostly of English or Scotch troops, were landed in Ireland; and several war steamers, with a fleet of gun-brigs, were sent to cruise around the coast. Barracks began to be fortified and loop-holed; and police stations were furnished with iron-grated windows. It was quite plain that the English government intended, on the first pretext of provocation, to make a salutary slaughter.

The vast monster meetings continued, and with even intenser enthusiasm; but always with perfect peace and order. The speeches of O'Connell at these meetings, though not heard by a fourth of the multitudes, were carefully reported, and flew over all Ireland and England too, in hundreds of newspapers. So that probably no speeches ever delivered in the world had so wide an audience. The people began to neglect altogether the proceedings of parliament, and felt that their cause was to be tried at home. More and more of the Irish members of parliament discontinued their attendance in London, and gathered around O'Connell. Many of those who still went to London were called on by their constituents to come home or resign.

Sir Edward Sugden was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and he began offensive operations on the British side by depriving of the Commission of the Peace all magistrates who joined the Repeal Association, or took the chair at a Repeal meeting. He had dismissed in this way about twenty, including O'Connell and Lord Firench, usually accompanying the announcement of the supersedeas with an insolent letter; then Smith O'Brien wrote to him that he had been a magistrate for many years, that he was not a Repealer, but could not consent to hold his commission on such humiliating terms. Instantly his example was followed by many gentlemen, who flung their commissions in the chancellor's face, sometimes with letters as insulting as his own. And now O'Connell brought forward one of his grand schemes. It was to have all the dismissed magistrates appointed "arbitrators," who should hold regular courts of arbitration in their respective districts—all the people pledging themselves to make no resort to the queen's magistrates, but to settle all questions by the award of their "arbitrators." This was put into operation in many places and worked very well.

In reply to questions in parliament as to what they were concentrating troops in Ireland for, Peel and Wellington had said they did not mean to make war or attack anybody, but only to maintain the peace of the country. Shortly after, there was a monster meeting in Kilkenny; the trades of the city marched in procession with their banners; thirty or forty temperance bands in military array, and playing Irish music; vast bodies of horsemen, amounting probably to twenty thousand, ranked in deep masses around the outskirts of the meeting. Now I shall give you a specimen of the agitator's oratory. After having called for "three cheers for the queen":

"I suppose you have heard," he said, "of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel having come down to parliament one fine evening to declare they would prevent the repeal of the Union even by civil war. We will not go to war with them; but let them not dare to go to war with us! The great duke and the crafty Sir Robert have pulled in their horns a little; and said they did not mean to attack us. Very well; there is peace, then, for we will not attack them.

"What is the next step? Up comes Chancellor Sugden,—what an ugly name the fellow has! Why, there is not one of you would call a decent-looking pig *Sugden*. This chancellor issues a letter, striking us from the Commission of the Peace. The Commission of the Peace was also taken from Col. Butler, from Lord Ffrench, from Sir Michael Dillon Bellew, and from Daniel O'Connell, and other vagabonds. This Sugden, who took away the Commission of the Peace from us, is a lawyer, and has made an enormous fortune by the law; yet he does not understand the law; for he says it is unconstitutional to attend meetings, while he himself publishes an alleged speech of the queen, and attributes to her the unconstitutional speech uttered by a prime minister. But they have sent over 36,000 men here, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and marines. Do you know what they are going to do? The admiral is coming down the Grand canal to examine all the turf-boats, and look into their potato lookers to try if they have any hidden cannon on board. And a lieutenant of the navy has been sent by the fly-boat on the Royal canal to find out what became of the army of 15,000 men that the Rev. Mr. O'Higgins had hid in his back parlor."

The Kilkenny meeting, like all the other meetings, dispersed in perfect order and tranquility; but O'Connell pledged them to come back to that spot whenever he might want them.

Undoubtedly this sort of procedure from week to week, and O'Connell's ridicule and vituperation, poured out upon every one who opposed "the repeal," was extremely provoking to the government and their party; yet no great progress was made. O'Connell, indeed, knew the law; he knew how far he could go with safety; and the people had full confidence that he would accomplish all he promised, "without the shedding of a drop of blood"; but all the while the enemy was in actual occupation and full possession of the whole country, its revenues and resources; and intended so to continue. Some of our friends about the *Nation* office began to ask themselves how long this was to go on. When all Ireland shall have paraded itself at monster meetings, they said, what then? What next?

Notwithstanding the very resolute countenance shown by the government, however, O'Connell still believed that they must yield at last, as they had done upon the Catholic Emancipation question; and, certainly, the impetus and volume which his movement was daily acquiring, would have seemed to make almost anything possible to him who wielded such a wondrous machine. He moved to tears, or convulsed with laughter, or excited to suppressed rage, hundreds of thousands of people every week; and his loud defiance to the Saxon made men's hearts burn within them as they prayed that he would only give them the word.

One of his great meetings was at Baltinglass, in Wicklow county. The proprietor of most of the land thereabouts was Lord Wicklow, and his lordship had posted over his estate a placard exhorting or almost commanding, his tenants to stay home at their work, and not to be flocking to a meeting "only to minister to the vanity of an individual." They all disobeyed; and O'Connell, when he rose to address them, opened a copy of the placard. He read it, and the hills re-echoed the laughter of a hundred and fifty thousand throats. "I know whom he means by *an individual*," he exclaimed. "He means *me*. Individual in his teeth! I'm no more an individual than Lord Wicklow's mother!"

Lord Beaumont, an English Catholic peer, who owed his seat in the house to O'Connell, thought himself called on to denounce the Repeal agitation. "Do you know who this Beaumont is?" asked O'Connell at his next meeting. "Why, the man's name is Martin Bree, though he calls himself Stapleton. His grandfather married a Stapleton for her fortune, and then changed the name. He was a Stapleton when I emancipated him. I beg your pardon for having emancipated such a fellow."

Sir Edward Sugden, as lord chancellor, had the control over all lunatic asylums, and frequently visited those near Dublin. After he had dismissed about a dozen magistrates, and others were pouring in their resignations, and getting appointed arbitrators in consequence—and his act of vigor was manifestly and admittedly a failure, O'Connell, at one of the meetings of the Repeal association in Dublin, said:

"If these men are not mad, they give some signs of madness; and a most ludicrous instance of a thing of the kind occurred on Saturday last. The lord chancellor, in the intervals of making out writs of supersedeas, was fond of investigating the management of lunatic asylums, and made an appointment with the surgeon-general to visit, without any previous intimation, an asylum kept by a Dr. Duncan in this city. Some body sent word to the asylum that a patient was to be sent there in a carriage that day who was a smart little man, that thought himself one of the judges, or some great person of that sort. Sir Edward came there, and on knocking at the door, he was admitted and received by the keeper. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him and answered all his questions. He asked if the surgeon-general had arrived, and the keeper assured him he had not yet come, but would be there immediately. 'Well,' said he, 'I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives.' 'Oh! no, sir,' said the keeper; 'we could not permit that at all.' 'Then I will walk awhile in the garden,' said his lordship, 'while I am waiting for him.' 'We can't let you go there either, sir,' said the keeper. 'What?' shouted Sir Edward, 'don't you know that I am lord chancellor?' 'Sir,' said the keeper, 'we have four more lord chancellors here already' (roars of laughter). He got into a great fury, and they were thinking of a strait waistcoat for him when fortunately the surgeon general drove up. 'Has the lord chancellor arrived yet?' said he. 'Yes, sir, we have him save; but he is far the most outrageous patient we have' (renewed laughter)."

Since that day the English press has mocked at the whole Repeal movement, and in parliament it was never mentioned, save with a jeer. In the summer of 1843, they neither laughed nor jeered. Sir James Graham, earnestly appealing to the house to refuse O'Brien's motion of inquiry, exclaimed:

"Any hesitation now, any delay and irresolution, will multiply the danger an hundredfold (hear, hear). If parliament expresses its sense in favor of the course pursued by the government, ministers have every hope that with the confidence of the house, they will be enabled to triumph over all difficulties (cries of oh, oh, and loud cheers). I appeal, then, to both sides—not to one, but to both—I appeal to both sides, and say, if you falter now, if you hesitate now in repressing the rebellious spirit which is at work in the struggle of Repeal, the glory of the country is departed—the days of its power are numbered; and England, this all conquering England, must be classed with those countries from whom power has dwindled away, and present the melancholy aspect of a falling nation (oh, oh and cheers)."

To refuse a committee of inquiry was reasonable enough; because parliament, and all the children—men, women and children—already knew all. The sole and avowed idea of the government was that to admit the idea of anything being wrong, would make the repeal movement altogether irresistible. The various projects now brought forward in England showed the perplexity of that country. Lord John Russel made an elaborate speech for conciliation; but the meaning of it seemed to be merely that it was no wonder Ireland was unquiet, seeing he was out of power. The grievance of Ireland, said he, in effect, is a Tory ministry. Let her be ruled by us, Whigs, and all will be well. Lord Brougham also gave it as his opinion, that "you must purchase, not prosecute Repeal." The *Morning Chronicle* (Whig organ), in quite a friendly spirit, said, "Let us have a perfect Union; let us know each other; let the Irish judges come circuit in England, and let the English judges occasionally take the same round in Ireland," and so forth. "Is it absolutely certain," asked the *Westminster Review*, "that we can beat this people?" And the *Naval and Military Gazette*, a high military authority, thus expressed its apprehensions:

"There are now stationed in Ireland 35,000 men of all arms, but widely scattered over the island. In the event of a rebellion—and who can say that we are not on the eve of one?—we feel great solicitude for the numerous small detachments of our gallant soldiers. It is time to be up and doing. We have heard that the order and regularity of movement displayed by the divisions which passed before Mr O'Connell, in review order, en route to Donnybrook lately, surprised many veteran officers, and led them to think that some personal training, in private and in small parties, must be practiced. The ready obedience to the word of command, the silence while moving, and the general combinations all prove organization to have gone a considerable length. In these trained bands, our soldiers, split up into detached parties, would find no ordinary opponents; and we therefore hope soon to learn that the small parties have been called in, and that our regiments in Ireland are kept together and complete. That day, we fear, is near, when quite peaceably every Repealer will come armed to a meeting to be held simultaneously as to day and hour all over the island, and then try to cut off quite peaceably every detachment of her majesty's loyal army."

What contributed to disquiet the British exceedingly, was, that great and excited Repeal meetings were held every week in American cities; meetings not only of Irish-born citizens, but of natives also and considerable funds were remitted from hence to O'Connell's Repeal exchequer.

"If something is not done (said Col. Thomson in the *Westminster*) a fleet of steamboats from the United States will some fine morning be the Euthanasia of the Irish struggle."

I might cite many extracts from the press of France, exhibiting a powerful interest in what the French conceived to be an impending military struggle. Take one from the *Constitutionnel*:

"When Ireland is agitated—when, at the sound of the powerful voice of O'Connell, 400,000 Irish assemble together in their meetings, and pronounce, as if it were by a single man, the same cry and the same word, it is a grand spectacle, which fills the soul, and which, even at this distance, moves the very strongest feelings of the heart, for it is the spectacle of an entire people who demand justice—of a people who have been despoiled of everything, even of the means of subsistence, and yet who require with calmness and with firmness the untrammelled exercise of their religion, and some of the privileges of their ancient nationality."

Now nobody, either in France or the United States, would have given himself the trouble to watch that movement with interest, if they had not all believed that O'Connell and the Irish people meant to fight. Neither in America nor in France had men learned to appreciate "the ethical experiment of moral force." Clearly, also, the English expected a fight, and were preparing for it, and greatly preferred that mode of settling the difficulty (having a powerful army and navy ready) to O'Brien's method, inquiry, discussion and redress—seeing that they were wholly unprovided with arguments, and had no idea of giving redress.

It is also quite as clear that the Irish people then expected, and longed, and burned for battle, and never believed that O'Connell would adhere to his "peace policy" even in the last extremity. Still, as he rose in apparent confidence, and became more defiant in his tone, the people rallied more ardently around him, and thousands of quiet resolute men flocked into the Repeal cause, who had hitherto held back from all the agitations, merely because they had always believed O'Connell insincere. They thought that the mighty movement which now surged up around him had whirled him into its own tempest at last, and that "the time had come."

No speech he ever uttered roused such a stormy tumult of applause as when, at Mallow "monster meeting," referring to the threats of coercion and to an anxious cabinet council which had just been held, he said:

"They spent Thursday in consulting whether they would deprive us of our rights, and I know not what the result of that council may be; but this I know, there was not an Irishman in this council. I may be told that the Duke of Wellington was there (oh, oh, and groans). Who calls him an Irishman (hisses and groans)? If a tiger's cub was dropped in a fold, would it be a lamb (hear, and cheers)? But perhaps I am wrong in anticipating, perhaps I am mistaken in warning you (no, no). But is there reason to caution you? The council sat for an entire day and even then did not conclude its deliberations, but adjourned to the next day, while the business of the country was allowed to stand still (hear, hear, hear). What had they to deliberate about? The Repealers were peaceable, loyal, and attached—affectionately attached—to the queen, and determined to stand between her and her enemies. If they assailed us tomorrow, and that we conquered them—as conquer them we will one day (cheering)—the first use of that victory which we would make would be to place the sceptre in the hands of her who has ever shown us favor, and whose conduct has ever been full of sympathy and emotion for our sufferings (hear, hear, and loud cheers). I suppose, then, for a moment, that England found the Act of Union to operate not for her benefit—if instead of decreasing her debt, it added to her taxation and liabilities, and made her burthen more onerous—and if she felt herself entitled to call for a repeal of that act. I ask Peel and Wellington, and let them deny it if they dare, and if they did they would be the scorn and byeword of the world, would she not have the right to call for a repeal of that act? (loud cheers). And what are Irishmen that they should be denied the same privilege? Have we not the ordinary courage of Englishmen? Are we to be trampled under foot? Oh, they shall never trample me at least (tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes). I was wrong—they may trample me under foot (cries of no, no, they never shall)—I say they may trample me, but it will be my dead body they will trample on, *not the living man.*

And a roar, 200,000 strong, rent the clouds. From that day the meetings went on increasing in numbers, in regularity of training, and in highly-wrought excitement, until at Tara, and at Mullaghmast, the agitator shook with the passion of the scene, as the fiery eyes of 300,000 upturned faces seemed to crave the word!

If it be asked whether I now believe, looking calmly back over the gulf of many years, that O'Connell's voice could indeed have made a revolution in Ireland, I answer, beyond all doubt, *Yes.* One word of his mouth, and there would not, in a month, have been one English epaulette in the island. He had that power; we shall see what he did with it.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

BY C J B

All over the world, the traveler said,
In my peregrinations I've been,
And there's nothing remarkable, living or dead
But those eyes of mine have seen,
From the land of the ape and the marmoset
To the tents of the fellaheen—
Said the other "I'll lay you an even bet
You were never in Farranaleen."

I've hunted in woods near Seringapatam,
And sailed in the Polar Seas,
I fished for a week in the Gulf of Siam,
And lunched on the Kersonese.
I've lived in the valleys of fair Cashmere,
Under Himalay's snowy ridge—
Then the other impatiently said, "See here,
Were you ever at Laffan's Bridge?"

I've lived in the land where tobacco is grown,
In the suburbs of Santiago,
And I spent two years in Sierra Leone,
And one in Del Fuego.
I walked across Panama all in a day,
Ah, me! but the road was rocky—
The other replied, "Will you kindly say
Have you been to the Horse-and-Jockey?"

I've borne my part in a savage fray,
When I got this wound from a Lascar—
We were bound just then from Mandalay
For the Island of Madagascar—
Ah, the sun never tired of shining there,
And the trees canaries sang in—
"What of that," said the other "sure I've a pair,
And there's lots of them over in Drangan."

And I've hunted the tigers in Turkestan,
In Australia the kangaroos,
And I lived six months as a medicine man
To a tribe of the Kalamazoos.
And I've stood on the scene of Olympic games—
Where the Grecians showed their graces—
The other replied, "Now tell me, James,
Were you ever at Fethard Races?"

"Don't talk of your hunting in Yucatan,
Or of fishing off St. Helena,
I'd rather see young fellows hunting the 'wran'
In the hedges of Tubberaheena.
No doubt the scenes of a Swiss canton
Have a passable sort of charm
Give me a sunset on Slievenamon
From the road at Hackett's Farm!

"And I'd rather be strolling along the Quay,
And watch the river flow,
Than growing tea with the 'cute Chinee,
Or mining in Mexico,
And I wouldn't much care for Sierra Leone
If I hadn't seen Killenaule,
And the man that was never in Mullinahone
Shouldn't say he had traveled at all.

—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. Goschen has sanctioned the monetary arrangement necessary for the acceleration of the American mails on arrival at Queenstown.

Mr. J. H. Parnell, speaking at Cork recently, gave the advice that if England did not give Home Rule the people should take what they got.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., has purchased Altamount Villa, Rosbeg, Westport, one of the handsomest and most picturesquely situated residences along Clew Bay.

The lord lieutenant has revoked the order closing the market for cattle within the Dublin districts, and such cattle, if from uninfected places, may be exposed for sale there every Monday morning.

A large meeting of Lord Londonderry's county Down tenants was held in Newtownards week before last to consider his lordship's proposal to sell their holdings to them. Resolutions were adopted declaring a revision of the rents an essential preliminary, and expressing preference for a sale of the entire estate rather than of individual holdings.

At the convention of delegates of the branches of the Irish National Federation in South Kildare representing the various parishes in the division held at Athy, Mr. M. J. Minch, of Athy, was unanimously selected as the National candidate against Mr. James Leahy, the sitting parliamentary member. The convention resolved: "That the electioneering expenses of the candidate selected be paid by the different branches of the Irish National Federation in South Kildare, undertaking to collect said expenses by subscription of twopence in the pound on the poor law valuation."

Judge Boyd, receiver judge, had before him recently an application by Mr. Lane Joynt, receiver over Col. White's estate in the county Clare, with reference to a resolution passed by the Ballyvaughan guardians, which he considered calculated to impede the discharge of his duty. The father of the clerk of the union, who held a farm on the estate, owed £294 rent, and Judge Boyd had authorized the receiver to proceed by ejectment, but with permission to stay proceedings if any payment on account were made. No settlement, however, was offered, and a day was appointed for the ejectment. The guardians then passed the resolution complained of, which denounced the proceedings as "cruel and barbarous." Judge Boyd ordered copies of it to be forwarded to the lord lieutenant and the local government board, and warned the guardians that if they interfered further with the receiver in the discharge of his duties he would deal severely with them.

In the petition to the house of commons of the president and fellows of the Irish Royal College of Physicians on the subject of habitual drunkards, there is an emphatic advocacy of compulsory seclusion of diseased inebriates for curative purposes. The petitioners declare that they feel strongly the need of special homes for the reception of those who have had their will power so broken down as to be unable of their own accord to apply for such admission and retention. The scheme includes making provision for the free medical treatment of inebriates who are unable to pay for medical treatment; and simplifying regulations concerning the admission of voluntary applicants to inebriate asylums.

At the last meeting of the Father Mathew Centenary Statue committee at the Mansion House it was stated by Mr. C. J. McCarthy that he had been to Miss Redmond's studio, and had now to report that the full-sized model of the centenary statue of Father Mathew is completed. Subsequently several other gentlemen of the committee inspected the model, and expressed the opinion that the highest praise is due to Miss Redmond for the magnificent work which she had produced. Before the marble statue can be placed on the pedestal in Upper O'Connell street more than £300 has to be subscribed. The committee, therefore, hope that those of the public who revere the memory of Father Mathew will assist them, so that the statue may be unveiled on the 10th of next October.

The visit of the archbishop of Dublin to the Church of SS. Augustine and John was made the occasion of a marked demonstration of affection toward his Grace. The scene as the archbishop entered the church, at the door of which he was received by the Rev. Father Provincial of the Augustinian Order in Ireland, the Very Rev. Dr. Murphy, with the Very Rev. Prior Furlong and the members of the Community in John street Convent, was very impressive. His Grace was loudly cheered on his arrival and departure.

The following members of the Irish Parliamentary party voted for Mr. Sexton's amendment on the second reading of the Local Government bill: Messrs. M. Kenny, Dimal Sullivan, Abraham McDermott, Stack, Tuite, P. Power O Keeffe, T. D. Sullivan, W. M. Murphy, Hammond, Webb, Dickson, Reynolds, Dillon, Jordan, Flynn, Sexton, P. J. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, Esmonde, Chance, M. Healy, T. M. Healy, Flavin, Deasy, Pinkerton, Crilly, Foley, J. F. X. O'Brien, Sheehan, Finucane, A. O'Connor, Kilbride, MacNeill, Knox, Tanner, Cox and Molloy.

His Grace the archbishop of Dublin, who recently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 200 children in the Church of St. John, Clontarf, at the close of the ceremony, spoke in strong terms of the conduct of certain gentlemen who entice large numbers of the boys of the district away from the local schools to engage in the useless occupation of attendants at the golf-links on the Bull. The chief promoter of the links in question, it is to be remembered, is Mr. Balfour, who with his colleagues has lately been so ready to denounce our people for their carelessness as to the education of their children.—*Irish Catholic*

HYMENEAL.

DUCEY-M'MULLEN.

Mr. Michael H. Ducey, a prominent young business man of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Miss Agnes E. McMullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McMullen of this city, were united in marriage by the Rev. Father Galligan, at St. Patrick's church on the evening of the 8th inst. The happy young couple will be at home to their friends at No. 115 Bostwick street, Grand Rapids. Both bride and bridegroom have innumerable well wishers in this city, and all bid them good speed on the voyage of life.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSIONS.

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., the Coney Island of the West. Sixty miles from Chicago, a lake ride, returning 120 miles, by the Graham & Morton Transportation Co.'s steamers CITY OF CHICAGO and CHICORA, the Largest, Finest and Fastest excursion steamers on Lake Michigan. At the Summer Resorts you will find good hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives through the famous peach orchard districts. This is the place to go for a day's rest. Season Time Table: Leave Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m., return 8:30 p. m., round trip $1; daily at 11:30 p. m., single fare trip $1; Sundays at 10 a. m., return about 10 p. m., round trip $1.50; Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, round trip $1, tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p. m., or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

The "City of Chicago," which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the Chicago & West Michigan R. R. for Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, Holland, Ottowa Beach, Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing and all summer resorts and towns in Northern Michigan. This is the cheapest and quickest route from Chicago and the West. Only seven hours to Grand Rapids by this route, single fare $3.90. Also connecting at Benton Harbor with the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway (Big 4 system) for Niles, Elkhart and Southern points. Docks foot of Wabash avenue, or at State street bridge. Telephone Main 2162.

J. H. GRAHAM, President. J. S. MORTON, Sec. and Treas.

G. S. WHITSLAR, General Passenger Agent.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p. m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Elegant Service

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for July has, as part of its contents, the following: Salisbury and the Orangemen; Catholics in Congress; Irish Heroes; Defenders of Liberty in 76, patriots who won freedom from England; The Battle of the Boyne and the Sieges of Limerick; A Presidential Forecast; Characteristics of the Teaching of Leo XIII, together with more than one hundred articles on as many different subjects. The *Magazine* is illustrated with a good portrait of the successor of the great Cardinal Manning. Only $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

Something Interesting to Every Family

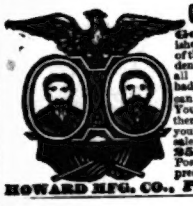
It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.



Campaign Badges.

Gold plate and finely finished with correct pictures of the candidates for President and Vice President of all parties. Over 4,000,000 badges sold in 1888. There can be 15,000,000 sold in 1892. You can sell your share of them, by being the first in your place to have them for sale. Sample 10 cents. 25 for 25 cents. 1 dozen 50 cents. Post paid. 1 Gross by Express $3.25. Address

HOWARD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co.

Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.

181 LA SALLE ST.

TELEPHONE 523. CHICAGO, ILL.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea.....20c
Best Japan Dust.....10c
Fine Teas, all kinds.....25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds.....35c
Best Japan in the World.....50c
Best Teas, all kinds.....60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON, The Tea Man,

20 & 22 State street.

Branches. {60 Chicago av. 280 Blue Island av.

SPECIAL.

EASY PAYMENTS OR CASH.

Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, as we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses. Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos. Boys' Suits.

JAMES T. CLARKE, Manager,

112 S. CLARK ST.

Rooms 526 & 528. Chicago Opera House.

TELEPHONE 2456.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR. WELLS AND HURON STS.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings; admission 25c; private lessons $1.00; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & REICHART.

Lodge Halls to rent.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No Salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

This house is haunted, yes, indeed it is!
But not by ghosts in trailing robes of white,
With waving arms and icy touch and kiss,
Who always choose the witching hour of night
To wander up and down the level floors
And some unhappy wight's warm blood to freeze;
Then pass from vision, flitting through closed doors;
My ghosts, alas! are not such ghosts as these.

No, they are visions, visions of the past,
Of dear ones who have entered into rest;
They come and go, their forms no shadows cast.
I would embrace them, but my arms have pressed
The empty air. Ah, me, the dear home life!
It all comes back around me as I gaze;
And then once more begins the bitter strife,
I live once more my long and lonely days.

Come, friend, with me and pass the old house by;
Let us go in, there's naught to do us ill.
Did you not hear a murmur like a sigh?
Ah, look! the empty rooms begin to fill!
I see a loved one's face, so mild and kind,
Smiling, midst heavenly lights around it thrown.
Do you not see it? Oh, your eyes are blind!
They should be led, like mine, by love alone.

The same old chairs stand where they used to stand,
The curtains in the soft breeze rise and fall,
The same old clock points with a warning hand
To passing hours that never seem to pall;
While forms of loved ones gone but ever dear
With all their old time actions pass me by.
Father and mother, yes, they both are here,
And there is one whose face I know; 'tis I!

Ah, fade not yet, dear visions of the past!
Stay but a little while in each old place!
My blest and dear! Too long ye cannot last
While love for me lights up each spirit face.
Come, let us go; the night is falling fast;
The visions and the day alike are flown.
I turn me back from that dear, love lit past
To face whate'er the future holds, alone!

Nay, friend, seek not to shake my firm belief
That dear ones wait me up at heaven's gate,
And in their arms I shall find full relief
For all my weary days and desolate.
I am not wrong in this; I surely deem
That heaven will hold the sweetness of the past,
And a home life, to which this earth's shall seem
But poor and barren, shall be mine at last!

—Mabel P. Smith in Galveston News.

LOT NO. 11.

"Once more, Mr. Elmore, I repeat I cannot entertain your proposal for my daughter's hand."

"But consider, Mr. Bulsale, Ethel and I love each other to distraction."

"Pshaw!" contemptuously exclaimed the unrelenting father of the dear girl I fondly adored.

I, Edward Elmore, had been for a good half hour doing my very utmost to convince the old gentleman that it would be utterly impossible for him to discover a better way of inaugurating the new year than by receiving me as his son-in-law elect, and by doing so cause two fond young hearts to beat with ecstatic joy, for why should I desire to conceal the fact that I had the very greatest cause for believing that my darling Ethel fully reciprocated my consuming passion?

That I had signally failed to make the old gentleman see the interesting subject in the light I wished him seemed only too plain.

I was tolerably alive to the reason why Mr. Bulsale did not look with favor upon my suit. My financial position was certainly not of the strongest, and there was a certain Mr. Sowerbutt, a much middle aged individual, short (not of cash) and fussy, and proprietor of "Sowerbutt's Sauce for the Million."

As the very particular crony of Mr. Bulsale, the condiment concoctor was naturally a frequent visitor at the former's residence at Brixton. I half suspected that Sowerbutt had a silent regard for Ethel, having on more than one occasion caught him furtively casting "sheep's eyes" at my darling when he had doubtless imagined himself unobserved.

How I had obtained a footing in the Bulsale mansion was in this wise: I was a clerk in the office of a fine old crusted firm of family and conveyancing solicitors. Mr. Bulsale was an "eminent" auctioneer and reveled in the satisfaction of possessing an extensive and lucrative business and, as he had many transactions with our firm, he and I were in consequence thrown much together. After awhile Mr. Bulsale seemed to take a fancy to me, and invited me to dine with him at his house, and that visit proved to be the forerunner of many more.

The keen man of business, whoever had his eye on what is termed the main chance, found me useful to him in many ways, especially in what may be called the "literary" part of his calling. I refer to the composition of those enticingly flowery advertisements, setting forth the varied attractions of charming country retreats and the delirious delights appertaining to magnificent mansions, which from time to time Mr. Bulsale received instructions to offer for sale to a yearning public.

I reflected that to keep a watchful eye on Simon Sowerbutt I must remain on good terms with Mr. Bulsale; so with this laudable object in view I said, with an air of apparent resignation:

"I trust, Mr. Bulsale, that although you cannot bring yourself to look upon me in the light of a possible son-in-law you will not prohibit my occasionally looking in upon you as before?"

"Come and see us whenever you like, young man; but mind, don't let me catch you making love to Ethel."

I thanked him, and then remarked: "I think I may with truth say, Mr. Bulsale, that you have always enjoyed the little music that your daughter and—and myself have been in the habit of—of providing. Those little duets, for instance—you will not"——

"Well, no," the unsuspecting Bulsale said slowly. "I see no reason why you should not, as before, indulge in a little music, especially as I like it so much!" Of course Bulsale was nothing if not a little selfish.

Thought I to myself, if two fond hearts, with the assistance of a piano and a sheet of music, cannot make good use of the opportunities presented, and at the same time bamboozle the unbending parent, my name is not Edward Elmore.

Again I thanked the old gentleman, and then addressed him, "You have been candid enough to indicate that you have no personal objection to me, only you consider my means inadequate to maintain a wife in a manner you would deem satisfactory."

"That, young man, is precisely the state of the poll."

"And a very unsatisfactory condition it is for me," I answered ruefully. "Now, would you mind telling me under what conditions or circumstances you would be willing to bestow your daughter's hand"——

"And fortune," put in Mr. Bulsale quickly.

"That, sir," I answered quietly and, I trust, with dignity, "was not my thoughts; I should be willing to take Ethel without a penny. Try me."

Mr. Bulsale said nothing, but took a silent pinch.

"Under what circumstances," I repeated, "would you consent to Ethyour daughter, becoming my wife?"

"I should be willing to listen to you," he said, when you possess an income of—say seven hundred a year.

My heart sank to zero. Bulsale might just as well have stipulated for a million.

"Or," added the old gentleman, a curious smile diffusing itself over his somewhat broad visage, as if he had just thought of something which mightily tickled him, "or Ethel shall be yours to have and to hold, when I knock her down to you—once—twice—for the third and last time, going—going—gone!"

I nearly lost all patience with the old foo—fellow for making so absurd, not to say vulgar, a joke upon a subject so sacred to myself. Then it flashed across me that I, too, but a few minutes previously had been guilty of similar flippancy, and I thought I had better bottle up my wrath and take my leave; so, wishing Mr. Bulsale good morning, I made for the door.

"Good morning, my dear sir," responded the eminent salesman blandly.

That evening, as the clocks were striking 8, I was on Mr. Bulsale's front doorstep, armed with a new piece of music, over which a few minutes later Ethel and I were bending our heads in delightful proximity, while papa, in his favorite chair, took alternate whiffs at his churchwarden and sips at his glass of mountain dew.

In soft whispers, through the music, I informed Ethel of all that had transpired during my interview with her revered but unbending parent. The darling girl quite agreed with me regarding the untimeliness of the pleasantry her father had indulged in, though at the same time she devoutly wished she could be "knocked down" to myself, of course.

During the evening Sowerbutt put in an appearance, and the piano had to be closed. Then followed a discussion over a sale of a small but valuable lot of antique furniture, which Mr. Bulsale was going to hold in a few days at his extensive mart. There was also the proof of the advertisement to look over, to which, as usual, I added a little embellishment. Mr. Bulsale descanted eloquently upon the beauty and value of several of the articles which would very likely go into the broker's hands for a mere song, "particularly," he observed as he warmed up professionally, "a large cabinet or wardrobe, beautifully carved and very substantial, no gimcrack work."

"Just the very thing I should like," exclaimed Sowerbutt. "It would come in handy in case—if ever—I should get married, you know." And the man of sauce cast a look at Ethel, which no doubt he intended should convey a world of significance.

At 11 we broke up, Sowerbutt and I going part of the way together to our respective homes. The purveyor again intimated his fixed determination to secure the large cabinet, provided the figure was not run up too high. Sowerbutt was a very careful, not to say stingy, man, considering the pot of money he had made with the "Sauce for the Million," which, by the way, candor compels me to admit was a very relishing condiment and deserved the enormous sale it enjoyed.

As I was seated at my modest morning meal on the day of the sale of the antique furniture, I fell to musing on the probable amount old Sowerbutt would bid up to for the ancient cabinet.

"Tallygraff, sir!" said Mary Jane, bursting in upon me.

I never could get that handmaiden to say telegram. Opening the buff colored dispatch I read, "Purchase at sale this morning lot No. 11 at any cost. Do not fail your Ethel."

"So, Mr. Sowerbutt," I murmured, "you are going to be done out of your contemplated purchase. But what on earth can Ethel want with the cabinet, and at any cost too?" However, I had little time to use in vain speculations, so set off to the scene of operations, looking in at the office on the way to make excuses for my absence. I arrived at the mart just as the third lot was being knocked down. Bulsale seemed surprised on seeing me enter, while Sowerbutt, who was close to the rostrum, looked as dark as his own sauce, as though, in fact, he had intuitively guessed the cause of my presence there.

Lot 10 was quickly reached and disposed of. The auctioneer then, clearing his throat, assumed an air of extra importance and commenced to eulogize "Lot No. 11 in the catalogue," speaking of the "noble piece" of antique furniture in terms so feeling that any one might fairly have been excused for imagining the article offered had belonged to a long line of Bulsale's ancestors.

When Mr. Bulsale had apparently exhausted his category of laudatory phrases, he actually wound up with, by way of peroration:

"The article, ladies and gentlemen, needs no words of mine to convince any one of its uniqueness; there it is to speak for itself."

"A sovereign," bid a venturesome spirit.

The auctioneer remarked that it was rather too early in the day for joking; however, he would take the bid just by the way of making a start.

"Let's see inside of it," suggested one of those swell wits often seen at auctions.

"Certainly, if you desire to, sir, though I may tell you there's nothing, not even a shelf; but should any one require shelves, fixing the cost would be only trifling. John, unlock the cabinet."

"The key ain't in, sir," answered the attendant.

"It was an hour ago, I'm certain," remarked Mr. Bulsale. "However, it's of little consequence. Sorry we can't oblige you, sir, just at the moment; the key has evidently been mislaid."

"Supposing, after all, there is something inside: will it go with the article?"

"I pledge you my word," answered Mr. Bulsale, with mock irony, "that the fortunate purchaser of that work of art may justly claim anything that may happen to be in the interior. I trust everybody will now be satisfied and allow us to go on with business."

There is no need to dwell on the progress of the bidding for Lot No. 11. Besides myself there were two or three other keen competitors, and so, even if I had not been there with such imperative orders, Sowerbutt would have failed to secure the coveted piece of furniture at what he considered a reasonable price; he retired from the field vanquished when the bidding had reached £12 10s. Eventually the cabinet fell to my bid of £37 15s., and a rather exorbitant figure I considered it. Of course, after all, I was but an agent in the matter.

As there were not many lots to be disposed of, I elected to stay till the sale was concluded, thinking it just possible I might learn something more respecting my purchase. I pushed my way through the crowd into Mr. Bulsale's office behind the salesroom and seated myself facing the doorway through which I had just entered, my eyes the while resting upon the antique cabinet, which had been so placed that the back of it was partly across the entrance to the private room.

I had been sitting a minute or so, musing over the unusual events of the morning, when to my amazement I saw—there was no delusion—the back of the wardrobe slowly opening toward me like a door, disclosing a space of four or five inches, and through this aperture there appeared a small feminine hand, in whose tapered fingers dangled invitingly a scrap of paper. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I rose and quickly transferred it to myself. The little hand was thereupon instantly withdrawn and the opening closed.

Could I believe my eyes as I read on the paper I had so mysteriously become possessed of as follows:

"So I have really been knocked down to you, dear. Now you will understand my telegram. You of course will know how to complete the stratagem begun by Ethel!"

"Whew? The clever darling!"

The next minute Mr. Bulsale entered, exclaiming:

"There, I've just finished. But where is Ethel?"

Before I could reply the back of the antique cabinet again opened, but wide this time, and Ethel, looking somewhat flushed, stepped forth. Advancing toward us, she said demurely:

"Here I am, papa, none the worse for being 'knocked down' by you."

Papa Bulsale's face was a study, as he looked first at Ethel, then at myself.

"Explain?" he gasped out, as he sank helplessly into an easy chair.

"It is all my doing," Ethel quietly remarked. "Edward knew nothing of the actual fact till a moment ago. You see, papa, I discovered yesterday that the cabinet had a revolving back, and at once, as if by inspiration, the idea occurred to me to be sold along with the furniture, and so—well, you know the rest, dear papa, and I belong to the purchaser of the antique wardrobe, 'Lot 11.' Here is the key."

The ingenious damsel put out her hand to me, and taking the dear little palm, I turned to the dazed Mr. Bulsale, saying gravely:

"I claim this lady according to the conditions of sale, as well as by your own words, of which I dare say you do not require reminding."

As soon as the eminent auctioneer realized how beautifully he had been cornered he stormed dreadfully; but the torrent of his wrath soon exhausted itself, and he calmed down wonderfully, even going so far as to designate his friend Sowerbutt as a mean fellow for not bidding above me.

On the auspicious occasion, when darling, daring Ethel became my wife, the order of things customary at such times was somewhat reversed in the case of Mr. Sowerbutt. Instead of his making the bride the customary present, the latter sent him a handsome gift—Lot 11! He accepted it!—New York World.

Inmates of a Colonial Poorhouse.

There are no poorhouses in the colonies as we understand the term, but in every center there is a benevolent asylum supported by a state subsidy proportionate to the subscriptions of the charitable public. A gentleman who lately visited one of these asylums near Sydney reports that among the inmates he found a near relation of a British peer, the brother-in-law of a baronet, a son of a dean of the Church of England, a Church of England clergyman acting as a warder, two captains and one colonel of the British army, the brother of a popular English novelist, and a member of the famous "Light Brigade" of Balaklava.—London Tit-Bits.

When the Guillotine Was First Used.

On April 25, 1792 the guillotine was publicly used for the first time, and beheaded a bandit named Pelissier. This was in the Place de Greve, where some twenty years previously Damiens had been tormented for days in precisely the same way as Ravaillac had been for the assassination of Henry IV.—London Saturday Review.

GOATS ON RAILWAYS.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER COMPLAINS OF THEIR CONDUCT

Of All Animals Encountered by Railroad Engineers Goats Are the Most Dreaded. Hogs Are Dangerous Creatures to Run Down, However.

"Of all animals that wander along the railroad track," declared a veteran locomotive engineer on the Philadelphia and Reading, "goats are the most irritating. It's next to impossible to kill them, and that's not the least tantalizing feature about them from the standpoint of our profession. No matter how fast you may be running or how quietly you steal down upon him, Mister Goat will see you out of the corner of his eye and manage to get out of the way just in time to miss the cowcatcher as the engine rushes by him. Cows and horses are generally disposed of with ease, though sometimes they get under the wheels and cause a bad wreck. But they are so large that the pilot gets under them and throws them to one side. The goat, though, nearly always succeeds in getting us worked up to a high pitch of nervousness and then contrives to get off without a scratch, and that's what we don't like.

"Speaking of striking animals on the rail," continued the engineer, "the one thing we most dread on the track is a hog. Nine chances out of ten the hog will throw you. He is tough and greasy you know, and if an engineer has any show at all it's best to stop the train as quick as can be and drive the animal off the track.

"When the pilot of an engine hits a hog it usually knocks him down and then rolls him for a few yards before the trucks strike him, and when they do there's great danger of their leaving the rails. The drivers are almost certain to follow the trucks, and if you don't go down the bank you're lucky. So you see what havoc one pig can make with a railroad.

"Another disagreeable thing about a pig is that he never stops squealing from the time he is hit until he is stone dead. Only a few days ago a big freight train was derailed by striking a hog near Euphrata. Our main line is comparatively free from wandering swine nowadays, but somehow the hogs still show a perverse fancy for getting on the tracks on some of our branches.

"Sheep are the most pitiful of all animals to run down. They seem to realize the danger they are in and huddle together between the rails, awaiting death. Their innocent eyes stare at you so mournfully and sadly that they haunt you for days to come. A locomotive seems to take a savage delight in destroying sheep. It throws them in every direction and will kill a whole flock in an instant.

"I struck a flock of geese once," the engineer proceeded, "all squatted down over the ties. Well, I never thought there were so many feathers in the world. I couldn't see anything for feathers for ten minutes, and when we reached the station my engine looked as if it had received a coat of tar and feathers."

Here the engineer's eyes began to sparkle and he stopped talking to hold his fat sides, shaken by suppressed laughter over a funny recollection.

"Mentioning feathers," he explained, after a pause, "calls to my mind a comical experience I had a few years ago, when I was running a fast limited passenger train over the Pennsylvania main line from Pittsburg to Philadelphia. We'd gone whooping through the town of Huntington, on the Juniata, without stopping, and had whirled safely around the base of the ridge east of there when we struck a little stretch of straight level between high dirt banks, known as Snyder's cut. I cast my eye on ahead as we scudded along to a wagon road crossing near the end of the cut. Just as we approached it a team was driven down from the turnpike at the right side, apparently intending to cross. But instead of crossing the team stood stock still. Two men were in the wagon, and they seemed to be having an altercation as to whether they should cross or go back. As a compromise they just stood there on the track. I reversed the engine and shrieked down brakes, but it was too late. We struck the team square in the middle, and then—oh, my!"

Here the engineer laughed immoderately. Then he resumed: "The men in the wagon were evidently farmers returning from town after a day's marketing, carrying home with them a queer cargo of 'store goods.' Curious to relate, they weren't hurt in the least, nor were the horses. The wagon, until we cut it clean in two, contained a feather bed and a keg of nails.

"We struck them all at the same instant. Whew! The nails flew 'way up in the sky, as it seemed, and came down with a peppering rattle over the roofs of all the coaches in the train for at least five minutes. The feathers scattered far and wide through the air like a snowstorm, and seemed to come from a thousand busted feather beds instead of one."—Cor. New York World.

How Chameleons Climb.

Chameleons always creep upward wherever they may be. In a window they manage to cling to the frame between the panes of glass and by great perseverance get higher and higher, never looking, but always feeling for foothold and extending in turn each searching foot, which moves cautiously and feels its way until it manages to effect a grasp, and this with much patience and perseverance, the woodwork of a window not being easy to grasp.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Hardly Acquiescence.

"What did Neighbob say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very severe condition."

"What was it?"

"He said he would see me hanged first."—Exchange.

Better Than He Expected.

Boston has the reputation of being a city of unusual culture. No doubt this reputation is deserved, but Bostonians do not, as the humorous paragraphers so frequently intimate, converse in the street in Greek or conduct their business affairs in Latin. This was just the impression, however, which a visitor to the modern Athens recently received.

He was from one of the mountain districts of the south and was visiting Boston for the first time. He strolled about the city, taking in its sights, getting lost in its winding streets and thoroughly enjoying himself.

He was walking, shortly after his arrival, along the lower part of Washington street, when the old statehouse, nestling so demurely among its neighbors, attracted his attention. He did not know that he was standing before one of the oldest and most historic buildings in America.

Situated as it is in the busy part of a business street, he took it simply for a store of some kind, differing from those about it only in being far less pretentious. In fact, he did not notice the building itself so much as the words that stood out in large gilt letters across its front.

This inscription, which was very properly placed on the venerable building some years ago, is the motto of the state. It shows at once the spirit of liberty that dominated our forefathers, and the troublous times through which the young republic had to pass before its independence was secured. It reads, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

The stranger gazed at the mysterious words for some time, spelling them out forward and backward, but utterly failed to extract any meaning from them. Finally he called to a newsboy who was hurrying by. "Say, bub, what's that say up there."

"Why," said the boy, "that's Latin."

"Well," replied the southerner, a look of admiration overspreading his face, "I've heard a pile, first and last, about the edjication of this 'ere town, but I 'low I never reckoned as how they painted their signs in the dead languages."—Youth's Companion.

A Memorable Square Meal.

"If a man is blessed with a good appetite," said Mr. Staybolt, "he can get along comfortably for quite a spell without terrapin; there may be times, indeed, when he will find the delights of a banquet in a very simple meal. I remember a day in the army, for instance, when, after we had been for weeks without fresh vegetables of any sort, there was issued to the regiment a ration of potatoes. It so happened that on the same day the sutler had onions. There were in our tent four men. We got the company cook to give us our rations of potatoes and of salt pork uncooked, and we bought onions of the sutler. We had at that time an old saucepan that one of us had picked up somewhere. We got out the saucepan, and cut up the pork and boiled it until it was about half done. Then we put in the onions and then the potatoes, which we had cut up in large pieces as nearly as possible uniform in size, so that they would all be done at the same time.

"While one man looked after the fire another attended to the cooking. The other two sat on the ground and applauded—that is, they sniffed the air whenever the lid was taken off the saucepan and looked at each other and at the two men by the fire and smiled.

"When the stew was nearly done we put in a few hardtack to soften, and when after a formal inspection by each man it had been officially declared done the cook lifted the saucepan from the fire and set it on the ground. The two men who had the least to do had been holding their plates and spoons for fifteen minutes.

"Good? It makes me laugh whenever I think of it."—New York Sun.

Dangerous Symptoms.

The indisposition caused by overmuch brain work, or a too prolonged attention to business, is very insidious in its advance. When once fairly established, its symptoms are patent enough to the invalid, and rest then becomes imperative. In fact, he is "knocked out of time," so to speak, and wishes then he had noted his failing powers before, and laid down his pen or closed his ledger.

When, then, is the rest cure indicated? Probably one of the earliest signs is slight dyspepsia, which cannot be attributed to errors in diet, want of fresh air, etc. It is a nervous kind of atonic dyspepsia, sometimes combined with acidity from liver sympathy. There is not the same relish for food, and so relief from this state is sought for in piquant relishes, wine or tea.

Another symptom is an uneasy or tired feeling about the head, fullness it may be, or sleeplessness and stupidity, especially after eating. The brow is often hot, so is the top of the head, and the hand is pressed wearily across the eyes. Life begins to lose its brightness, then things begin to go a trifle wrong, and there are moments of peevishness and irritability. Lowness of spirits is succeeded by want of sleep.

There is danger ahead, if not indeed close at hand, and happy is he who sees the signal in time, I say most emphatically in time, for, effective though the rest cure may be, there is a point of divergence from the path of health, beyond which no one can go with the slightest hopes of return or recovery. I pray none of my readers may ever reach this point.—Cassel's Family Doctor.

Taking Photographs Under Water.

It is quite possible to take photographs under water. In 1883 a submarine observatory was constructed by Signor Toselli at Naples, enabling visitors to see the bottom of the sea. It was a steel chamber with plate glass floors and a collapsing float to sink it to different depths. It carried eight persons and was illuminated inside by electric light, while telephones communicated with the shore. It was of course quite possible to take photographs inside it beneath the water.—Spare Moments.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

The Remarkable Performance of a Young Man's Lost Chicken.

"The egg," remarked the doctor in a dignified and erudite manner, "is the most nutritious and digestible of all foods when eaten raw."

"That's what I always said," corroborated the young man in a blue necktie.

"Are you an expert in dietetics?" inquired the doctor stiffly.

"I guess not," said the young man at a venture, "but I'm solid on facts, and I've got evidence to prove what I say."

"What facts?" inquired the doctor quizzically.

"Well, I've seen what eggs can do, and I can show you or any man here if he wants to come over to my place in the country."

"State the facts," commanded the doctor.

"All right, here goes. About three months ago a fat laying pullet I raised got fastened up under an old springhouse up in the woods where there wasn't a blame thing to eat but dry dirt and water. About a month ago I happened to be poking around the place, and hearing a noise under the floor I pulled up a plank and there I found my lost chicken.

"She was alive and kicking and I couldn't for the life of me understand why she hadn't starved to death. I went to the barn to get an ax to chop her out, and when I came back she had laid an egg and was eating it as fast as she could. That kind of gave me an idea, and instead of taking her out I left her there for a day longer. About the same time next day I went up again and she was finishing another egg. Next day she did the same thing, and she has been doing it right along now every day for thirty days and more.

"I'm going to keep her there and see how long she can support herself. She's getting fat since I gave her a little more light and seems a good deal better satisfied. You bet, Doc, I'm with you when you say there's good living in an egg."

The doctor looked at the young man seriously.

"Young fellow," he said, getting up, "I guess I'll go with you and see that hen."—Detroit Free Press.

Chief Justice Marshall and Children.

When Chief Justice of the United States, Marshall used to spend much of his time at his home in Richmond. The court had comparatively a small docket then and the vacations were more frequent and longer in duration. He would bundle up submitted cases, go to Richmond for the vacation and write his decisions there. He had a spacious mansion on the outskirts of the city and in his grounds was a noted spring of pure water surrounded by splendid elms and giant oaks, and in pleasant weather the great jurist would retire to the spring to read and ponder the legal records upon which he was to adjudicate. Nearby was a schoolhouse, the pupils attending which got water at his spring. No boy or girl ever went there for water that the old man did not have a kindly greeting for him or her and words of advice or encouragement.

He often engaged in their games at playtime, and it was a common sight to see the boys chasing him after he had hurled at them that greatest of all affronts to the schoolboy of fifty or eighty years ago—"school butter," something the old fellow was almost certain to do every day when it was about time for the boys to return to their studies. And yet, boyish as this man was, full of animal spirits as he was, it was said of him by William Wirt that had a flower of fancy sprung up in the train of his thought he would have crushed it as he would an adder. On the bench he was human reason incarnate; in private station he was the kindliest and most playful of men.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why Men Walk in a Circle.

The fact that people lost in a desert or in a forest invariably walk in a circle is due to slight inequalities in the length of the legs. Careful measurements of a series of skeletons have shown that only 10 per cent. had the lower limbs equal in length, 35 per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in 55 per cent. the left leg was the longer. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longer limb, and consequently will tread to the right or to the left, according as the left or right leg is the longer, unless the tendency to deviate is corrected by the eye.

The left leg being more frequently the longer, as evidenced by measurement of the skeleton, the inclination should take place more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded. Further, on measurement of the arms, it is found that to 72 per cent. the right arm is longer than the left, while in 24 per cent. the left arm is the longer, showing that a considerable majority of persons are right handed and left legged. The inequality in the length of the limbs is not confined to any particular sex or race, but seems to be universal in all respects.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Emerald's Power.

Emeralds from India, Persia and Peru are the most valuable. According to their tints and their luster they are classed as Prosines, Neronianes, and Domitianes. According to Suetonius, Nero used to look at the fighting gladiators in his emerald. The stone is the emblem of charity, hope, joy, and abundance. It had the reputation of curing epilepsy by application and of being an all-round pain-killer.—Paris Figaro.

Tubing for Gas Fixtures.

The brass tubing used for gas fixtures is fashioned into the various complicated ornamental shapes required for such purposes by placing the tube between two steel molds which are heavily clamped and then the tube is expanded by hydraulic pressure reaching as high as 10,000 pounds to the square inch.—New York Times.

MY SWEETHEART.

No violet purples have so deep a hue
As do her angel painted eyes of blue,
A wild rose pink, a seashell's dainty grace,
Were borrowed to bewitch her bonny face.

Her lips were made for kisses—nothing more;
I'll tell her this forever, o'er and o'er.
Forever and a day I'll love her too,
Because her heart is mine—her heart so true.

She loves and lives, and lives and loves for me,
And for her sake I'll all things lovely be—
For her, my love, my angel, treasure, pearl,
Marie, my own, my darling baby girl.
—Margaret Andrews Oldham in Century.

East Indian Character.

Poor, conquered, degraded, there can be no people among whom it would be harder to earn respect for human nature. But yet the memory of the Indians, as it survives after a full consideration of all that is bad and sad, has in it more of hope than of despair. The Indians stand out in the traveler's mind, not by their poverty or degradation, but by their affection, their patience, their dignity, their capacity for admiration.

Their affection has been made notorious by many a tale. The nurses devote themselves, literally giving life, for the English nurse child. The servants endure any hardships to follow a master they love. Everywhere we seemed to see among them signs of a will to be clinging or affectionate, and their records are full of tales of loyalty and of generous devotion.

If now there are not as many instances of such affection as there were in the earlier days of the English occupation, it must be remembered, as a missionary said, that India has now fewer English graves, and that employers on their side more often break the bonds when they, with light heart, take their journey home, made shorter by steam and swift vessels. Their patience also has been told of again and again.—Nineteenth Century.

An Ample Apology.

I was present in the reporters' gallery of the house of commons one famous fighting night, when a famous fighting Irish member rose to denounce a speech delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the government's representative were not altogether accurate, but his impetuosity led him on to phrase the Ananias accusation somewhat too concisely.

"Order, order," said the speaker of the house, as he rose in all the majesty of full bottomed wig and silken gown Again and again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of willful misstatement. Again was he called severely to "order." It was a critical moment. His Irish colleagues did not wish him to be "suspended" for the rest of the debate, and they hinted so by vigorously tugging at his coattails.

Now it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, saving in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good humored honorable member recognized the command of his party and sat down, delivering this beautiful Parthian dart, "Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the house by storm.—William Wilde in New York Recorder.

Spider Silk.

Mrs. White mentions as a great curiosity the dress made from spiders' webs presented to the queen by the empress of Brazil in 1877. Most certainly it is, and to most British minds such a thing might seem incredible, but if your correspondent were to visit Fiji, which is famous for its magnificent spiders, he might perhaps have less cause for wonder. The web made by the big yellow spider here is very large and strong, but in addition to the web proper, in which flies, mosquitoes, etc., are caught, it spins a cocoon of orange colored, silky, gossamerlike stuff, which, if taken up in the fingers, requires quite an effort to break. This stuff, I can conceive, might be woven into material for a dress Might not the dress in question have been composed of similar material made by the Brazilian spiders?

I can hardly even now believe that it could have been composed of what we understand to be the ordinary spider's web. I can quite imagine, however, that such a material might be of some commercial value, as one frequently hears complaints at the present day of a want of fineness in fibres or materials used for scientific purposes.—Fiji Cor. Notes and Queries.

A Wonder in Penmanship.

Among the curiosities preserved by the Minnesota Historical society is a lithographed copy of an engrossment of the emancipation proclamation. The engrosser, one W. H. Pratt, of Davenport, Ia., was so very skillful in his manipulations of the pen that he succeeded, by careful and exact shading of the letters, in producing a very excellent portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the author of the famous document, in the center of the copy. In other words the lettering itself is made to form a portrait of Mr. Lincoln. There were probably a large number of them originally struck off, but copies of it are now very rare. As a specimen of penwork it is certainly very unique.—St. Louis Republic.

Some Odd Looking English Hats.

Stubbs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," describes a pleasing variety of new fashioned headgear—hats perking up like the spear or shaft of a temple; hats flat and broad on the crown, like the battlements of a house, and round crowns with bands of every color. This variety of shape consorted with an equal variety of material—silk, velvet, taffeta, sarsenet, wool and "a fine hair, which they call beaver, fetched from beyond the seas." Whoso had not hat of velvet or hat of taffeta was held of no account among the gilded youth of the time, and so common a thing was this ostentation in the matter of head covering that "every serving man, countryman or other, even all indifferently, did wear of these hats."—All the Year Round.

Easy to Take

And prompt to cure, Ayer's Pills act on the intestines, not by stimulating, but by strengthening them. They promote the natural peristaltic motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, jaundice, vertigo, sick headache, indigestion, sour stomach, and drowsiness,

Ayer's Pills

are unsurpassed. They are equally beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, chills, and fevers. Being purely vegetable, delicately sugar-coated, and quickly dissolved, they are admirably adapted for household use, as well as for travelers by land or sea. Ayer's Pills are in greater demand, the world over, than any other pill, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians.

Every Dose Effective

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

George Heyn, a wealth merchant of Omaha, Neb., is missing. He left home for Europe a month ago. He stopped at Milwaukee and from there went to Buffalo, N. Y. Since his arrival there nothing has been heard of him.

It is announced that Mr. W. D. Howells will pass the summer in a quiet nook in New England, devoting most of his time to the writing of a novel of American girl-life.

Colonel Parks, the negro who murdered Mrs. McDonough and daughter near Brenham, Tex., has been found guilty and sentenced to death. The date of execution has not been named.

The Canadian homestead colonization agent reports that he has just sent twenty-five Michigan families to the Canadian northwest, and will forwaid 100 more by Aug. 1.

The Eastman and Knauss Razor company, New York, has failed with liabilities $60,000.

Blaine's resignation was known in Minneapolis before it was in Washington.

The czar's intention to meet Emperor William at Kiel and his action in disapproving any anti-German demonstration at the Nancy fetes are accepted as evidence of a new friendliness toward Germany.

President Harrison has asked Assistant Secretary Wharton to act as secretary of state.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, S. C., Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lansale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, [illegible]

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John T Kelly, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr M Brand, John C Schubert, T H Cannon, Ludger Drolet, J F Scanlan, John Bednora, M A Kirschten.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N S, Vernon Park place; Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; P M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 13—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 15—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 16—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Buehlmann, F S; Geo Demilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; J J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H G Laing, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; M Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F M Messinger, F S; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—F H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Preachere's hall, 186 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 336 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 399 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Syron, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Paxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Golden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] st; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 2634 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A John, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Hetterichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 1397 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 904 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P McHickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 439 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2917 Emerald av; C Hierebach, F S; Chas Transchit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bracciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's ball, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—R J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; M H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3 p. m.
County Delegate, F. B. Finnegan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 620 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres.; Box 63, Hegewisch, Ill.; Louis Brophy, V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec.; A. Harmon, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec. 836 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5226 S. Halsted-st.; John Egan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2262 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Reilly, Rec. Sec. 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Lugan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres. 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P., James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 9 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres., 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cunningham, V. P.; O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin Sec., Simon Neville, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 86 Emerson av.; V.-P D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Dooley, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—Pres., P. Dolberty, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderickk, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Hibbop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av.; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4456 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 32—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5568 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doherty, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 6838 ard Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.
President, Rev. F. G. Lents, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patten, No. 1 reeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Horton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dani Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
F. J. Healy, 2204 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.
Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 373 W. Erie st, Chicago.
Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago. Ill.
County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 198 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st. and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 273 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn. W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Morem Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. J. Fitzgibbons treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larsen Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. I Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av.
Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 19 North Franklin-st.
Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter-st.
Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 43 Pine st.
Marshal, J. Doyle, 2294 E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 621 W. Lake-st. Pres William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY Organized Feb. 6, 1865 Meet at new hall 89 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David L. Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry; Rec. Sec., J. Hackett, 239 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Rec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P. A. Foley; 2d

Doubled on the Dogs.

On the elevated train the writer was attracted by the beauty of a young girl who was going somewhere or other alone. Opposite her sat a fat man and a thin man, and by her sat a medium sized man.

The fat man looked over his paper at the curve of her shoulders. The thin man looked over his at the creamy roundness of her chin. The medium man glanced sideways at her shell pink ear and from there to her dainty hand. And she gazed abstractedly.

The three men would each pretend to read a paragraph and then proceed to take another look. The girl became conscious of the arrangement after awhile and began to get nervous. Men away down at the ends of the car were beginning to stand on their toes to examine her loveliness. The girl looked as if she wanted to shrink away. She reminded one of a hunted fawn with a lot of dogs ranged around her ready to fasten their teeth in her. At Chatham square the guard called:

"Change for Fulton, Wall and South ferries!"

The girl arose and moved for the door. The fat man, the thin man, the medium man and several other men started also.

When the train stopped the girl turned back and re-entered the train.

The fat man, the thin man, the medium man and the several others stood on the platform and looked blank.—New York Recorder.

The Congressional Vernacular.

An old Indian fighter on one occasion was called on to make a statement concerning a battle to a congressional committee, and he was requested to couch it in language intelligible to the statesmen instead of using the vernacular of the plains.

"Will you be kind enough," said the chairman, "to give us an account of this fight?"

"Course; that's what I'm here for," he responded. "You see, our company of a hundred men set in a game with about that many Injuns, and it was our deal, fer we had slipped up on 'em. They stood pat, right from the start, and we filled and went in at 'em from behind the rocks on a straight bluff, fer we didn't know how many there wuz, and they met us in the open and kivered our ante, fer they thought they had us. It was hot in thar, shore, and both sides was shootin and slashin and yellin when night settled down and ended the game."

"What was the condition of the contestants at the close?" asked the chairman.

"That's hard tellin," was the frank reply. "All I know is, after both sides pulled out thar was a pile of reds and a pile of whites on the flat, an nobody on neither side had sand enough in his craw to show up and claim 'em."

The members of the committee afterward stated that more lucid and intelligible testimony had never been produced before them.—Detroit Free Press.

Curious Coronation Ceremonies.

When a chief is about to be crowned king paramount of the Swazi nation, a warrior (called an impi) is sent out to hunt for a lion, a tiger, a buffalo and a large snake. This because part of the ceremony at the coronation consists of the king eating portions of the hearts of the three animals, the oil of the snake only being used. The medicine man rubs the oil on the breast, temples and between the shoulders of the king—this to prevent him being bewitched. The animal hearts are supposed to act on the liver and make his royal majesty brave indeed. During the ceremony the king sits upon the skull of the buffalo, which has been placed upon the ground in the heart of the village.

The exercises last three days. On the first he is clothed only in the skin of the lion, on the second in the skin of the tiger, while on the third the skull is in the center of the buffalo's skin and mounted by the king, who is perfectly naked. In this situation he receives the congratulations of his people, who hail him as "Great Lion," "Great Tiger," "Slayer of Serpents" and "Rider of the Buffalo." By the above titles he is ever after known to his people.—St. Louis Republic.

Hurrying Him Up.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her brother, the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert tonight? Reginald and I will be there, and, Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What! You want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand at the door and try to slip me a note; take care that Reggie sees you too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because, you see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he is awful slow, and he's well off, and lots of other girls are after him, and he's got to be hurried up a little, as it were."—London Tit-Bits.

Has No Need of Working.

There is said to be a colored man living near Rutledge, Ga., whose whole body, including his face, is covered with long, thick white wool. The wool on his body, it is reported, appeared when he was twelve years old, and was perfectly white then. He has a special fondness for sheep and often sleeps in their pen. The wool on his body grows so rapidly that he is sheared twice a year, and his fleece is sold.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Possible Cause.

"Harold is very indignant with you, Maud. What have you done to him?"

"Nothing that I know of—except that when he told me last night he never fished for compliments I told him he was wise, because he didn't have the right kind of bait."—Harper's Bazar.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIENE, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Headquarters for Imported Dillak,
113 Erie-st., corner Market,
Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES QUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 308 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture

SMYTH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW F.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

DAVID L. LEAHY. JOHN T. RYAN.
TELEPHONE 3225

LEAHY & RYAN,

UNDERTAKING AND LIVERY,

2560 S. HALSTED-ST.,
OPPOSITE TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Carriages Furnished for all occasions.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

The Eminent Special Physician.
ESTABLISHED 1864.
169 S. Clark St., Chicago.

Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

U. S. Pension and Claim Agent
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, ATTORNEY,
1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss.—Superior Court of Cook County May Term, A. D. 1892. Martha J. Eldridge vs. Frank N. Eldridge. In Chancery. No. 189,542.

Affidavit of the non residence of Frank N. Eldridge, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Frank N. Eldridge that the complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court, against said defendant, returnable at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of July next (1892) as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said Frank N. Eldridge, shall personally be and appear before said Superior Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of July, 1892, and plead, answer, or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill. P. McGRATH, Clerk.
George B. Hennessy, Complainant's Solicitor.

DEVLIN & CO.,

GROCERS,

Desire to notify their Patrons that they have
REMOVED TO
1615 S. STATE STREET.
NEAR SIXTEENTH ST. STATE ST. CARS PASS DOOR.

We are within a few doors of the largest Wholesale and Retail Meat Markets in this Country.

DEVLIN'S, Formerly 24 and 26 E. Randolph Street.

Calvary and Mt. Olivet Cemeteries.

Office Has Been Removed to Room 19, Reaper Block,

95 AND 97 SOUTH CLARK STREET,

Corner Washington Street.

THOMAS BRENAN.

TELEPHONE NO. 3258. ESTABLISHED 1880.

UNION STEAM BOILER WORKS

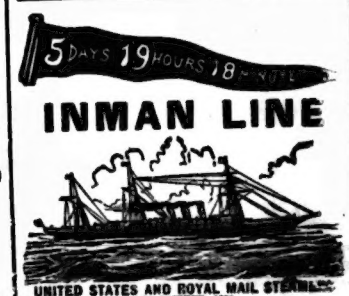
JAS. LEONARD, Prop.,
Manufacturer of
Marine, Stationary & Locomotive Boilers, Tanks, Water Towers and Sheet Iron Work.
36, 38, 40 AND 42 E. INDIANA ST.,
CHICAGO.

Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS. ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

Attorneys-at-Law,
ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO.



INMAN LINE

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS. ESTABLISHED 1850.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.
The largest, fastest and most magnificent steamers in the world.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German & Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in U. S.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent,
99 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

KEELEY Brewing Co

MALTSTERS
AND
LAGER BEER
Brewers,
28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.
CHICAGO.

THE

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago.
JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON ST.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS

When sending for your friends

Bear This Fact In Mind, That
THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

Fast Express Mail Steamers
Established 1840,

has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia;" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the

Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.

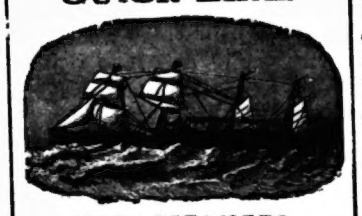
Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.

Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line. Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.

Agents Wanted.

F. G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept.,
181 Randolph Street, Chicago.

GUION LINE.



MAIL STEAMERS.

Alaska, Arizona, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Nevada.

EVERY SATURDAY BETWEEN
NEW YORK, QUEENSTOWN, LIVERPOOL.
Through Passage Tickets at Low Rates.
Drafts on Dublin.

Cramer & Co.
GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS,
60 S. Clark St., Sherman House,
CHICAGO, ILL.

When Going to Europe,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers on this line are all built in Ireland.
MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.
BRITANNIC, GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Gen'l Agent
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
N. ANDERSON, Gen. Western Agent,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should Be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," The Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1892:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

The premiums will be sent Free of Charge, by express or registered mail, in the city or country.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate"; or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$2.50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members..... $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by Check, Post Office Order, Express Order or Registered Mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET.
TELEPHONE 8350.
Chicago, Ill.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 SOUTH PARK AVENUE.

Pure Lager Beer. Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.
TELEPHONE 8257.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 8298.

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE.
REPRESENTED BY
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.